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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

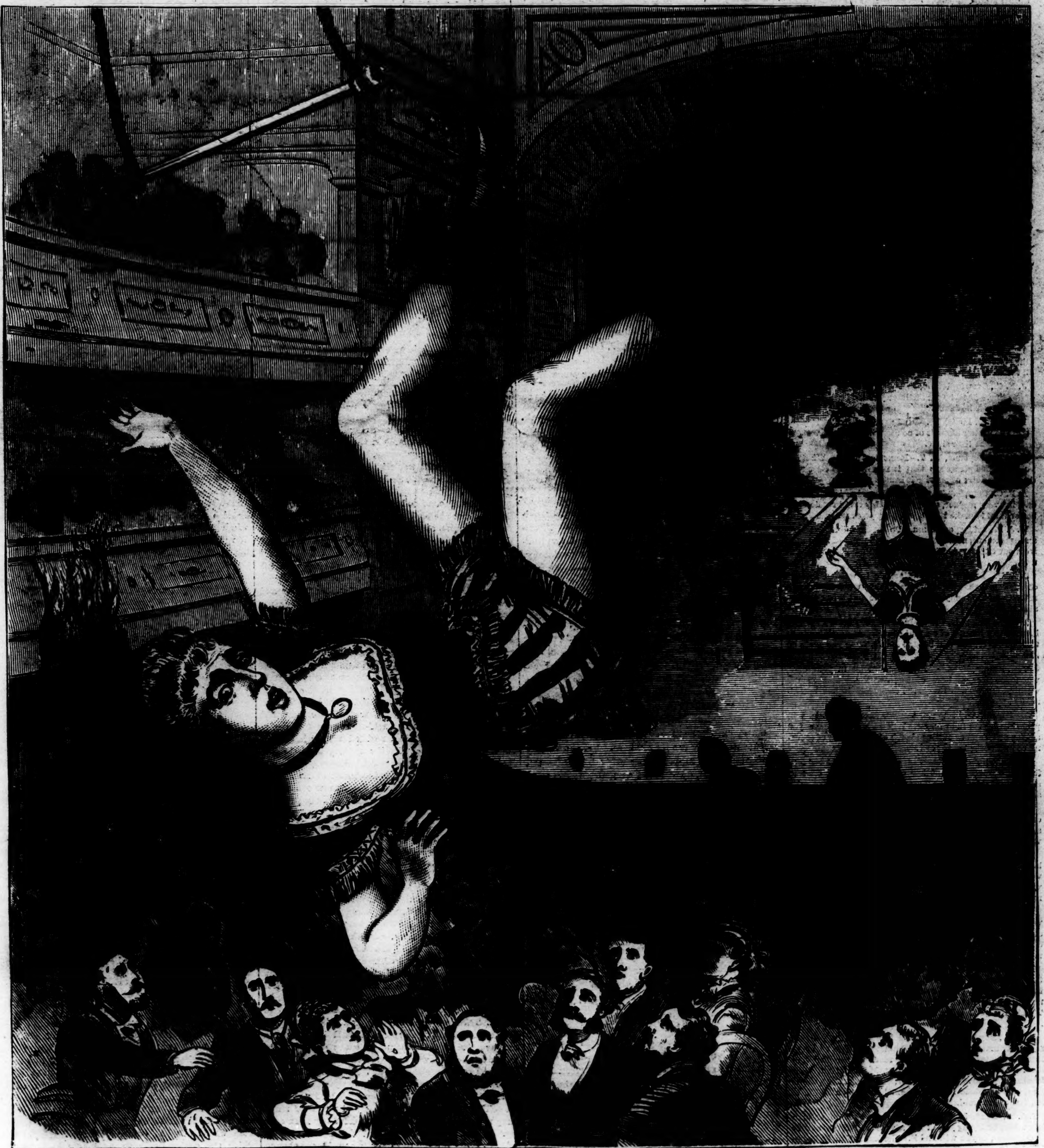
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



FRIGHTFUL FALL OF A FEMALE TRAPEZIST—Mlle. AZURINE, THE HANDSOME AND DARING AEROBAT, IS SEIZED WITH VERTIGO DURING HER PERILOUS PERFORMANCE AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, DETROIT, MICH., AND IS PRECIPITATED FROM A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE HORROR-STRIKEN AUDIENCE.—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

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To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals and items of interesting events from all parts of the United States. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, and more particularly photographs of parties who have made themselves notorious therein, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for. Articles of a personal nature cannot be inserted unless authenticated. Rejected MSS. will not be returned.

T. J. S., Pineville, Mo.—Will appear in our next.
J. L. J., Canton, N. Y.—Items previously published.
J. H. R.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Thanks.
CORRESPONDENT, Plano, Tex.—Incident is of local interest only.

CORRESPONDENT, Cheyenne, W. T.—Sketch and portrait will appear in our next.
O. M. P., Hopkinsville, Ky.—Article unavoidably crowded out until next week.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Portrait last sent, with account of abduction, will appear in our next.

T. A. B., San Francisco.—Portraits published with accounts, necessarily brief. Further by mail.

CORRESPONDENT, Mayfield, Ky.—See item under "Vice's Varieties." Others not of sufficient importance.

W. J. L., Edenton, N. C.—Article held over. Please write on one side of the paper only in future communications.

SHERIFF CLARK, Cooperstown, N. Y.—Thanks for efforts in our behalf. Could not, however, make use of the sketch.

W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—Item published among our miscellaneous articles. Shall be glad to have the notes referred to from you.

BRICK, Joplin, Mo.—Item previously received. The other has already been published. Attention appreciated all the same, however.

J. E. C., Crawfordsville, Ind.—Matter is rather outside of our line. Shall be glad to have you send us items of recent interest, however.

E. B. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Send us the portraits if possible. The matter alone is of no use whatever, as we published it some time since.

PORTER, Cheyenne, W. T.—Items too stale. Whatever you may send please see that it is always as close up to date as possible; otherwise it is useless to us.

A. B. C., Canada.—The hotel in question is a reputable one, in every respect, and you probably could not do much better than to make it your stopping place while here.

W. J. R., Bridgeport, Conn.—Do not care to make such an engagement, as we can obtain much more of the matter from our exchanges and of later date than you could send us.

R. A. R., Brazil, Ind.—The article is written in such obscure style that we cannot catch the thread of the narrative, and are really unable to make out what it is all about.

T. P. K., Memphis, Tenn.—Incident too far back for publication in a journal of current events. Appreciate attention, however, and will be glad to hear from you again on recent topics.

J. M., Boston, Mass.—We have an artist in your city, who looks after matters of interest there and in the vicinity, but we will accept the matter if it has not already appeared.

VOX POPULI, Arkadelphia, Ark.—Matter held over; will probably appear in our next. Will be glad to have you act for us. Send us outline sketch of the locality of occurrence and portraits, if possible.

T. J. L., Titusville, Pa.—See item, somewhat reduced for lack of space, in another column. Thanks; send us accounts of interesting happenings in your vicinity, with sketches of localities and portraits, whenever possible.

A. B. S., San Jose, Cal.—Portrait unavoidably crowded out this week; will certainly appear, with accompanying sketch, in our next issue. Thanks for favors. Hope you will continue to act for us in such matters in your section.

C. H. M., Hoke's Bluff, Ala.—Thanks for the attention but we published an account of the matter some five weeks since. Shall be glad to have you act for us in your vicinity, but we wish only accounts of current events, not reminiscences of the dead past.

CORRESPONDENT, Brownwood, Texas.—Article appears with illustration. Will pay for articles of interest, accompanied by sketches or portraits. We do not pay for clippings, however, and should not suppose a newspaper man would require to be so informed.

B. A. W., Summit, Miss.—A more extended account of the "Sunflower" affair appears in another column. For the other article, being more of local interest, we could not find space in our crowded condition at this time. Thanks for good wishes and many favors. Further by mail.

E. B. J., Newton, N. J.—Should like to oblige you, but really the matter is so vague and indefinite as to be of no interest whatever to any of our readers save the very limited few who may be able to unriddle it from their local acquaintance with the affair, and we cannot, therefore, give it a place in our columns to the exclusion of matters of general interest.

T. A. B., Alexandria, Va.—We answered you in this column last week, notifying you of the appearance of the matter in this issue, as you will find it. The last article had been previously anticipated in our exchanges. No point for illustration in it, besides yours is but a fancy sketch. We could get it up rather better in our own office. Correspondents should certainly understand that. Further by mail.

OUR NEW DRESS.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of numerous kindly letters from readers, as well as generous notices from our contemporaries of the press of the country, complimenting us upon the many recent improvements in the appearance and tone of the GAZETTE, and, notably, in regard to its handsome, new typographical dress. In the latter respect we do, indeed, take considerable pride. The type used in this and the preceding issue was made to order, expressly for the GAZETTE, with a view, not only to its neat appearance and clearness, but also because by its employment we are enabled to give our readers considerably over a page more of reading matter than with the old type. This consideration became an urgent one by reason of the introduction of the attractive features of a continued story, the sketches of metropolitan life, our dramatic and other departments, which have been or are yet to be added to the attractions of our paper, as well as to afford space for our vastly-increased correspondence from all sections of the country.

THE DETECTIVES' CONSPIRACY.

With all its attendant circumstances, there has certainly never been a more astounding case of conspiracy revealed in the criminal annals of this country than is shown in the story of the doings of the two Boston detectives, which we publish on another page. If the half that is said of these men be true, there is no penalty provided by our laws which is half severe enough for their adequate punishment. And the worst of it is that, even if convicted of all that has been alleged against them, the extreme penalty of the law, though, if the charges be true, no wretch who has stood on the gallows trap, within our recollection, has so richly deserved that fate, cannot be inflicted. What punishment can be severe enough for one who can weave a web of perjured testimony about an innocent man that shall send him to prison for a crime the perjurer knows he never committed, leaving his family, with the stigma of his felony upon them, helpless, at the mercy of the world—and the least said of the quality of that mercy the better—simply for the paltry consideration of the few dollars to be obtained as a reward for the conviction of the supposed offender? Yet within a few years this pair of bogus detectives have sent no less than thirty men to state prison, and, from the recent developments in the case, there is reason to believe that at least half of this number were innocent, and convicted on perjured evidence.

Appalling as is this revelation, however, it sinks into insignificance beside the case of Joseph B. Buzzell, whom these worthies had convicted, after having been previously acquitted, of the murder of Miss Susan A. Hanson, which crime was committed at Brookfield, N. H., on November 2, 1874. To accomplish this they compelled one Charles W. Cook, whom they had completely in their power on the strength of possessing evidence which would have convicted him of incendiarism, to swear that he had been hired by Buzzell to commit the murder. On this testimony, Buzzell was convicted and sentenced to death, and his execution would doubtless have taken place on the day appointed, July 10th, next, but for the interposition of circumstances which can only be regarded as providential. Meanwhile, the unjustly accused man has languished in jail for nearly a year, in addition to the imprisonment he formerly underwent, with the prospect of an ignominious death, with the added bitterness of the knowledge of his innocence, ever before his eyes, and day by day advancing closer, like a horrible, remorseless shadow of doom. The mental agonies that must have been endured during that awful interval by the prisoner and his young wife to whom he was married just after his acquittal, on his first trial, only to be speedily taken from her side again, can be but feebly imagined. In that great agony, the loss of property, the breaking up of home, even the shame of their position, has been but a secondary consideration. The health of the unfortunate man has naturally been seriously impaired, while his wife is utterly broken down, in both body and mind. Even with her husband's release, their future, for no fault of their own, is blighted beyond hope. True, he has escaped the gallows and its ignominy, and his character is vindicated, but the infamy of the conspiracy that has caused this ruin is in no wise mitigated by that fact.

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE.

The case of Myron A. Buel, just convicted of a shocking double crime at Cooperstown, in this state, furnishes a solemn warning to intemperate advocates of temperance and other cardinal virtues, and an awful example to the youth who may be inclined to listen to the voice of the siren Murphy, and follow in the seductive paths of the blue ribbonmen. Buel is a young man, not yet arrived at man's years, in the eyes of the law, in fact, and was esteemed a very good young man, priding himself, among other evidences of goodness, upon having read the bible through twice and upon not having ever chewed or smoked tobacco, drank any sort of intoxicating fluid, attended a place of amusement, or been guilty of any other of

the misdemeanors common, to a greater or less extent, among ordinary young men. Yet this exemplary young man has just been found guilty, by a jury of his peers, of one of the most atrocious crimes on our criminal records, no less than that of having first outraged, in the most brutal manner, the person of the young daughter of his benefactor and employer, following up the heinous deed by the murder of his victim, upon whom he had professed to have fixed his pure, young affections.

Now if we employ the reasoning that would certainly have been presented in the case by many well-meaning persons, had the murderer not have been a good young man, we are compelled to view him as a terrible example of the result of too much goodness. As a matter of fact, we do believe that, had he not have been so awfully good, he would not have been so frightfully bad. Buel at all events seems to have found comfort in his reputation in the confidence it gave him throughout his trial, as he frequently indulged in laughter during its progress, showing a mind at ease, though frequently the exhibition was anything but in good taste, and always grinned defiantly whenever there was an intimation of the possibility of his being convicted. He no doubt thought it absurd that any one could believe such a good young man guilty, or that the community would bear the idea of parting with him by way of the gallows. Indeed, throughout the whole matter, his singular stolidity and invulnerable indifference, in view of all the circumstances, has been a matter of surprise to all who witnessed it. Probably by this time, however, he has realized the fact of the verdict and what it implies, and some new ideas may have thus penetrated the armor of his pious egotism. If not, the sooner it happens the better for him, as his goodness is not likely now to save him from the gallows any more than it served to screen him from conviction. His loss will scarcely be severely felt. He is evidently one of those bloodless, negative characters, who, pluming themselves on their abstinence from evil, and demanding our reverence therefor, are unable to exhibit any evidence of positive good—individuals of no vices and no virtues—a class of people generally lacking in the kindlier attributes of human nature, and oftener capable, in spite of their negative goodness, of cool, calculating crimes than those in whose composition warmer impulses mingle with something of human frailty.

Fatal Fall of a Female Trapezeist.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DETROIT, Mich., February 16.—Shortly after ten o'clock last evening a thrilling and heart-rending accident occurred at the Theatre Comique in this city, which will probably result in the death of a young woman, a trapeze performer, known to the bills as Marie Azurine, who was attacked with vertigo while flying through the air, and fell a distance of nearly thirty feet.

Mlle. Azurine, a handsome and shapely woman, evidently above the level of the common trapeze performer, commenced an engagement at the Comique at the time of its re-opening some weeks ago. She acted in conjunction with a "partner," an acrobat named Frank Monroe. Her specialty consisted in performing several daring feats in mid-air, and the ease and grace with which her movements were invested soon caused her to become a favorite with the patrons of the Comique. The closing act performed by Mlle. Azurine and Monroe consisted in a series of daring aerial flights. Monroe hung by the legs, head downward, from a small bar suspended beneath the proscenium arch, just above the footlights, in readiness to catch the woman. The latter, grasping at arm's length a bar suspended from the dome of the theatre, was to swing through the air, and, quitting the bar, leap into the grasp of her fellow-performer. She commenced her terrible flight through mid-air to gain the necessary momentum, and had reached her highest altitude, about on a level with the upper gallery, and was just about to swing back toward Monroe, when she was seized with vertigo. To the horror of the spectators, her hands released their hold on the bar, her head dropped upon her breast, and down she plunged with terrible force. In the descent her body described a partial revolution and struck on the top of the seats directly under the gallery, and then rebounding fell to the aisle with a dull thud.

The audience, who a moment before had been gazing in mute wonder at the daring woman as she sailed slowly and gracefully through the air, were for a moment horror-stricken at the shocking and unexpected ending of the performance. Then a score of men rushed to the spot where the unfortunate woman was lying on the floor, alive, though unconscious. A number of the attaches of the theatre seized her in their arms and bore her to her dressing-room, under the stage. Drs. Ewer and Richards were immediately summoned, and at once took measures to restore her to consciousness. The physicians labored assiduously for over an hour before Mlle. Azurine was able to speak. Then it was found that her collar-bone was broken and she had sustained internal injuries of a serious nature. After the performance at the theatre was concluded she was conveyed to the Revere House, and at last accounts she was alive, although believed to be very badly injured.

One of Mlle. Azurine's feats consisted of "walking the ceiling"—traversing with her feet a row of rings hung from two parallel bars suspended from the ceiling. Beneath these bars a network was stretched in order to break the fall of the lady, should she chance to lose her hold upon the rings. The accident last evening happened after she had passed beyond the netting. Of course, no such accident as the one which betel Miss Azurine was ever contemplated. This is the

second time she has fallen during her engagement here, having dropped into the netting on a previous night, but escaped without injury.

The Chicago Highwaymen Again.

[With Portrait.]

In Chicago, at about eleven o'clock A. M., on the 25th of January last, a deaf mute named Edward Johnson, got off a Halstead street car to go home, and had just reached the sidewalk when two men came up, one of whom struck him on the head with some blunt instrument, leaving him senseless. When he recovered he found that he had been robbed of all his money, about \$25. He was very weak from the effects of the blow, but as soon as possible, he reported the case to Lieutenant Callahan, of the West Twelfth Street Station. For some days the police could obtain no clue to the robbers. The mute gave some description of the men and said he would be able to identify them. Officer M. Tuohy took the case in hand. Some days later, dressed in citizens' clothes, he stepped into a saloon at Fifteenth and Union streets, where he met a notorious highway robber and burglar named Albert Emmell, alias Bieter. Tuohy felt convinced that this was his man, and he expressed that opinion to Emmell. The latter drew a "bull-dog" revolver and pointed it at the officer's head, but was overpowered, taken into custody, was fully identified by the mute and was indicted for the crime. Officer Tuohy also captured "Bid" Holahan, another of the gang of highwaymen, who was likewise indicted, and is now on the track of the third of the trio, with every probability of similar success. Emmell is the leader of the gang, and is known to the police as a desperate and dangerous character. The portrait of his efficient captor, Officer Tuohy, who has the reputation of being one of the "flyest" and bravest officers on the force, is given on another page.

Captain Robert J. Linden.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give an excellent portrait of Captain Robert J. Linden, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Branch of Pinkerton's Detective Agency. Captain Linden was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 25, 1835, and has, consequently, just turned his forty-fourth year. He is a ship carpenter by trade, and during the war served in the United States Navy in the South Atlantic Squadron. He left the service to join Pinkerton's Agency, where he has won a place in the profession second to but few in this country. During the efforts of Mr. Gowen, of the Reading Railroad Company, to unearth the secrets of the Mollie Maguire conspiracy in the coal region of Pennsylvania, Captain Linden was Mr. Pinkerton's managing agent in that section, and to his intelligence, nerve and general efficiency the eminent success of the undertaking was, to a large extent, due. He is now engaged, in the same region, investigating the "Knights of Labor," an organization which, from the allegations recently made concerning it, is worth watching, and in which undertaking it is not unlikely Captain Linden may add measurably to his fame while rendering valuable service to the public in that section.

William Forsyth, Murderer of His Mistress.

[With Portrait.]

On the night of February 6th, one of those sanguinary tragedies, inspired by rum and jealousy, which form so large a part of our records of homicidal crime, startled the city of San Francisco. The murderer was one William Forsyth, and his victim was his mistress, Mary O'Brien, a married woman, who had abandoned her husband, and with whom he had been living for eight years. Forsyth was some five years her junior, and it appears that her jealousy of him caused frequent quarrels. Forsyth was formerly employed as a bar-keeper, but of late had been an idler. Both were addicted to liquor and on the fatal night, Forsyth returned very much intoxicated and found her in much the same condition. A fierce altercation ensued. The woman tried to brain her paramour with a stove-lifter, but Forsyth wrenching it from her, struck her a terrible blow on the head, from the effects of which she died. Forsyth voluntarily gave himself up to the authorities. His portrait is given elsewhere.

William Dever, a Convict Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

William Dever, whose portrait is given on another page, a convict in San Quentin, Cal., Prison, where he was serving a three years' term for grand larceny in San Francisco, being employed on cabinet work in the prison, took a deadly grudge, for some real or fancied grievance, against Herman Koehler, the foreman of the shop. Koehler had occasion later to reprimand him severely for some fault which doubly incensed Dever, and he swore to "get even." Accordingly, on the 13th ult., Dever, watching his opportunity, stole up behind Koehler, as he was talking to another convict, and struck him a terrible blow on the head with a common carpenter's hammer, crushing in the skull and inflicting injuries from which he subsequently died. Dever professed great regret, after the fatal result, protesting that he was temporarily insane from rage, caused by Koehler's constant tyranny over him. The plea, however, will not be likely to save him from the gallows.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Our gallery of stage beauties is brightened this week by the addition of a splendid portrait of the petted favorite of the burlesque stage, the beautiful and shapely Miss Pauline Markham, in one of her most taking costumes and attractive characters. Whether as a model of female grace and loveliness of form and feature or as decidedly the most sprightly and captivating of burlesque artists, Miss Markham long since won a place in the hearts of the theatre-going public from which she has never yet been displaced and which she seems likely to retain for an indefinite period despite the proverbial fickleness of that favor. We are confident our readers will thank us for presenting them so admirably a "counterfeit presentment" of this charming artist in so attractive a form.

SELLING A SPOONEY.

How an Aged but Ardent Swain Persecuted the Ladies of a San Francisco Boarding-House with

LOVE-SICK ATTENTIONS

Until the Wicked Damsels put up an Awful Job on the Ancient Wooser with a Bogus Maiden

AND MADE A CIRCUS OF HIS WOOLING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

N. Noon is a San Francisco man who has advantageously spent the fifty years of his life in the acquisition of worldly treasures. This object so preoccupied his attention that he never gave the fair sex a thought. Successful in his efforts, he is now the owner of considerable real estate in Oregon, from which state he came. He has recently expressed a desire to bestow his love and fortune upon some willing maiden, in consequence whereof the sex now absolutely command his thoughts—in fact, he is a perfect monomaniac on the subject of matrimony. Being a single man, and having been informed that marriageable maidens of all ages and dispositions were ever to be found in that national institution—the boarding-house—he went to San Francisco some months ago and made such houses his place of abode. Though advanced in years, he has decided to wed a coy maid of sweet fifteen, and his manifestations of that most tender of passions are made with an ardor and persistency that has made him obnoxious to all the young women in the numerous houses in which he has lived. These made his love-making the subject of universal and public merriment. They concluded to play him a trick, and, in furtherance of the design, very kindly suggested to him that there was living in a Fourth street boarding-house a female friend of theirs, an accomplished and tolerably good-looking young woman, who was desirous of being married to a wealthy and good-looking elderly man, and

AN APPOINTMENT WAS MADE.

The young woman referred to was a good-looking young man appeared in female attire supplied by the mischievous plotters, who also, on the night of the appointment, rendered material aid in the delicate duty of affixing on the lamb-like young man those mysterious adjuncts of the toilet so necessary to fashionable women. Our Adonis presented himself some time before the hour appointed, and evinced an unusual curiosity in examining the knick-knacks displayed to advantage in the room. When the supposed young woman entered, the aged Adonis had placed himself in an easy and, as he supposed, captivating position at the piano, and was unconsciously fingering on the instrument what was immediately recognized by the supposed young woman as being the negro melody, "I'm Growing Old and Feeble." The young woman was introduced as "Miss Mary Robinson," and owing to the rude attempts at hair-dressing (having only his hair parted in the center and a bunch of false hair tied behind), was obliged to keep a hat on during all the evening. Adonis Noon paid little notice to the false young woman, because of the presence of pretty young ladies, to whom he paid his devoirs. They rejected his overtures, insinuating that they had plighted their troth. Our hero was at first bashful, but the remarkable boldness of Miss Robinson gave him courage. It being noticed that his attentions were becoming alarmingly demonstrative, the plotters gradually retired, leaving him alone with his innamorata, and,

AS HE SUPPOSED, UNOBSERVED.

Had his protestations of undying love for Miss Robinson not been so fervent, his flashing eyes not been riveted upon her, whom he declared and avowed to be God's sweetest, purest and most amiable creature, and his whole soul and undivided attention not been centered upon the really awkward and dowdy companion at his side, he would have seen anxious and laughter-suffused faces peering through the glass transoms over the doors, and merry and bright eyes at the key-holes, observing his clumsy efforts at love-making. Adonis, summoning up courage, made the necessary demonstrations to fold Miss Mary Robinson in a loving embrace. Fear of detection, inasmuch as the apparel might be deranged in the course of such familiarity, led the young man to go to the piano and play "Go away! go away! naughty man!" Not to be balked in his intentions Noon drew a chair toward the piano and grasped the young man's hand, rapturously kissing and squeezing it, the pressure being returned. Keeping the hand in his grasp he asked: "Why do you love me? Is it because I am rich?" "No! It is because you are so good and steady," was the answer, in an admirably counterfeited tone of affection and

EFFEMINATE ECSTASY.

Before the young man could do anything, Noon had imprinted a fervent kiss upon his cheek, followed in rapid succession by several others. The arm of the amorous Noon had now encircled the ample waist of the young man, and Noon was about to make an actual proposal, when a knock was heard at the door. The young man disengaged himself and began to play some deliciously dreamy variations on the song, "Pull down the Blind." A pert and saucy young damsel entered, and, whispering a few words to the young man, the farce was summarily ended by the departure from the room of "Miss Robinson." Upon asking to escort the lady home, Mr. Noon was told that "Miss Robinson" lived in Oakland, and intended to remain with a friend in the house that night. Mr. Noon showed not the slightest desire to leave, but after the saucy and pert young lady had played, "Home, Sweet Home," and audibly hummed "We Won't go Home till Morning," supplemented by a few well-directed hints, Mr. Noon, to the great delight of all the

listeners (who were waiting to assemble and laugh over the successful escapade), finally took his leave. He returned at six o'clock on the morning of the next day and inquired for "Miss Robinson" with a view to escorting her to her home in Oakland. He was informed that "she" had already left. With a deep and woful sigh, he volunteered the information that "Miss Robinson" was an early riser, and left.

The victimized gentleman had recourse to numerous "personals" to endeavor to obtain a clew to the whereabouts of his charmer, but at last the secret leaked out, and, coming to his ears, aroused his wrath to such an extent that, it is alleged, he threatens a lawsuit as the only means of appeasing his outraged affections.

FLETCHER'S FLIGHT.

Further Developments Regarding the Baltimore Elopement and the History of the Disgraced Officer.

Fresh interest has recently been excited, both here and in Baltimore, in the Fletcher-Bailey elopement case, by the intelligence that the pair are in this city. That they are here is asserted in the most positive manner. It is also said that Miss Bailey was in a delicate condition at the time of her leaving there, and that she is in a hospital in this city. Her father, Mr. F. T. Bailey, has lived in New York for two years or thereabouts. Lieutenant Fletcher became a boarder in Mrs. Bailey's house in October last, with his wife and two children. Mrs. Bailey asserts that she never saw any improper conduct between them, and others in the house sustain her. Some of the boarders, however, are of different mind. A Mr. Taylor had noticed the intimacy of the two, and in other ways had his suspicions aroused. After they had fled, other things were remembered, and it was believed that they sought flight to avoid publicity of

THE GIRL'S IMPENDING DISGRACE.

Her constitution is naturally so delicate that fears are had for her recovery. Fletcher, it is said, became so infatuated with her that, although he must have known of her condition, he urged her to fly with him.

Before the guilty pair ran away each of them wrote letters to be left behind. Fletcher wrote to his wife and to Miss Bailey's mother, and the young woman also wrote to her mother.

The contents of the letters to Mrs. Bailey are not known. In Fletcher's letter to his wife he tells her that since their marriage, seven years ago, he has not been happy in her society. He asserts that he loved Miss Dora Bailey from the very first moment he saw her. He informs his wife that he had eloped with Miss Bailey, and that the last time he would ever write his real name was at the end of that letter.

A gentleman of Baltimore left that city for New York to tell Miss Bailey's father where he can find his daughter. The father is a painter with some fresco painting establishment. Miss Dora Bailey is his daughter by a former wife, and is a step-daughter to the landlady with whom Fletcher boarded. Mrs. Bailey was very much attached to her step-daughter, and if she returns to Baltimore

SHE WILL BE RECEIVED KINDLY.

As for the errant lieutenant, all of his friends, including his wife and family, will have nothing more to do with him.

Lieutenant Fletcher and his wife were well known in Washington. Both are residents of the District. The full name of the lieutenant is Arthur H. Fletcher. His father, Dr. Fletcher, still lives there. He was connected with the medical department of the army in Washington for a number of years. He is No. 14 in the list of 280 Lieutenants in the navy. He was born in England, appointed from Ohio, and is put down in the naval register as a resident of the District. He entered the service in 1861. He was suspended in September, a year ago, for two years. His suspension will be up next September. He had previously served out another sentence for similar offenses. He was attached to the Huron. While she lay at Port Royal, S. C., without leave, he went ashore on a spree and did not return. The Huron sailed for Norfolk, and shortly left that port and was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina. If he had stayed on the vessel he might have been one of the lost. When court-martialed for the offense he wrote a long letter saying that the reason he left the ship was because he had a presentiment that she was to be lost. The fate of the Huron had, he said, been

REVEALED TO HIM IN A DREAM.

This excuse had no weight with the Court, and he was suspended for two years. His actions have sometimes suggested the idea that he was not of a very sound mind, though he is by no means considered insane. He figured in a number of instances in Washington in private theatricals, being quite an amateur actor. He is also credited with being something of a spiritualist. His wife, from whom he eloped, is a very estimable young lady. The family had been in that city but a short time. Mrs. Fletcher is in Washington with her father's family. Her father is Dr. H. Nichols Wadsworth, a well-known dentist.

After the Huron affair the Lieutenant was court-martialed and sentenced not to leave the state of Maryland for two years, and to have his salary reduced from \$150 to \$100 per month during that period. He had obtained lucrative employment with a firm in Baltimore, by whom he was greatly esteemed, and his salary from them, in addition to his pay from the Government, made for him a very comfortable living. His action has, of course, lost him his position in Baltimore, and the probability is that the Navy Department will also take cognizance of the affair.

Harris, the Negro Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

William L. Harris, the negro assassin, whose cold-blooded murder of Joseph Jackson, at White Plains, Westchester county, N. Y., we have already chronicled, is confined in jail at that place, awaiting his trial which comes off at the next term of court. His portrait is given in the current issue.

THE HARLEM HOMICIDE.

Another Tragedy Due to the Sanguinary Resentments and Stabbing Propensities of the Italian Blood, in which the Life of an Industrious Working Man was Wantonly Sacrificed for a Fancied Affront, and a Dependent Family Deprived of its Bread-Winner.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

On Sunday evening, 23rd ult., about half past six o'clock, John Schnetzer, a sturdy German, a butcher by occupation, residing at 233 East 111th street, stepped up to a pea-nut stand on the corner of 107th street and Third avenue, kept by an Italian woman named Louisa Jackser. He had the reputation of being a peaceable, industrious man, but occasionally drank to excess, and on the Sunday in question was decidedly intoxicated. As he reached the stand he halted and banded a few good-natured but maudlin words with the woman, who is middle-aged and rather prepossessing in appearance.

After making a small purchase he started to go but staggered against the stand, causing no damage, however. Fearing a recurrence of the accident the woman shoved him away. At this moment a low-sized, swarthy-complexioned man, with a dark moustache and in his shirt sleeves, suddenly made his appearance. "Don't shove over the stand!" he exclaimed, angrily. "None of your business," was the response from the intoxicated man.

With that the swarthy-looking man, who appeared to be an Italian, shouted fiercely in broken English, "I'll stab you!" and immediately suited the action to the word. At the moment of the fatal lunge two other Italians had arrived at the scene of the assassination and were gesticulating fiercely, as if menacing Schnetzer. The latter fell to the sidewalk, with a stream of blood flowing from a wound in his breast and saturating his clothing. A second later Officer Ross, of the Twenty-third Precinct, arrived. He tried to raise the wounded man to his feet, but

FOUND THAT LIFE WAS EXTINGUISHED.

He had never moved from the moment he was stabbed, and death was instantaneous. The weapon which had inflicted the fatal wound was the single blade of a shears, and was about six inches in length. It had penetrated to the left and at the base of the breast bone, piercing the heart. The blade had broken in the middle, leaving about three inches of the pointed end sticking in the flesh. The officer, with an effort, succeeded in withdrawing the broken blade from the wound, and summoned assistance to convey the body of the murdered butcher to the station-house. In the meantime the three Italians ran at full speed down 107th street in the direction of Second avenue. When about the middle of the block they disappeared in a one-story frame shanty, a number of which are located in the block and are designated the Italian Row or Young Italy, they being tenanted by a colony of Italian laborers. The place is well known to the police as a dangerous resort, where desperate men congregate to drink beer and play cards, forms of pastime which frequently end in a general row, wherein sharp weapons play a leading part in the hands of the combatants. The women, too, in this interesting colony, have been known to emulate

THE SANGUINARY SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

A few weeks ago two of these worthy matrons had a passage at arms, the combatants being each armed with a formidable scissor. They cut and slashed each other in the most determined and approved manner, both receiving and inflicting wounds of a serious nature. It was into one of these dens that the assassin and his accomplices fled.

Having ascertained that Mr. Schnetzer was dead, and while awaiting the arrival of other officers, Patrolman Ross suddenly became aware that perhaps Mrs. Jackser, who, by the way, stood stolidly by, could throw some light on the murder which would lead to the identity of the perpetrator of the bloody deed. She professed profound ignorance of the case. She didn't know anything about the stabbing, and was quite certain that she had no knowledge of the parties who were concerned in it. By this time a crowd of horrified spectators had assembled, among whom was John Norton, the proprietor of a liquor store on the corner where the pea-nut stand is located. He was standing at his own window and

WITNESSED THE STABBING.

He so informed the officer, and gave a description of the man. This testimony incriminated Mrs. Jackser, and she was at once made a prisoner of, and taken to the station-house. There she still maintained her ignorance of the man who committed the murder, and no amount of questioning could induce her to give the officers a clew which would lead to the identification of the assassin. Captain Robbins, discovering that he had a stiff-necked prisoner to deal with, turned out a squad of seventeen men, and headed them himself, to make a search through the row of houses inhabited by the Italian laborers.

In the course of their search they found a thick-set Italian in bed, feigning sleep. He answered the description given by Mr. Norton of the assassin, and so he was roused from his supposed slumbers and taken into custody. At first he refused to understand the meaning of the officers' visit, and to all questions put to him persisted in replying in Italian. While being taken down-stairs he turned on Captain Robbins and used toward that official certain epithets which were easily understood, and proved that the irate Italian was not altogether unacquainted with the English language. When taken to the station house he gave the name of Louis Palmero. He denied that he was the guilty party, but admitted that

HE KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT THE TRAGEDY.

He said it was Michael Dewassa, alias Big Mike, who struck the fatal blow. Captain Robbins, believing that Big Mike was concerned in the stabbing, sent out a general alarm for his apprehension. He is described as five feet eight inches in height, stout build, dark moustache and wearing a long black coat. Louis Palmero is a brother of Rezeno Palmero. The latter is supposed to be the husband of Louisa Jackser. Re-

zeno was subsequently arrested, with two other Italians, whose names are Frank and Louis Ulay. Mr. Norton pointed out Louis Palmero as the man who, in his opinion, did the stabbing.

Two boys also came forward and related to Captain Robbins that they were eye-witnesses of the tragedy. They are Albert Oldridge and Charles Henry Mosher. They said they were standing on the corner when the stabbing took place. They could not identify the man. They said they were about calling for the police when the woman Jackser prevented them and drove them away.

Captain Robbins searched for but was unable to find the remaining blade of the broken shears, but found a heavy plain gold ring which it is thought may aid in working up the case. The Italians who were arrested are desperate-looking men, and are known to the police as dangerous characters. It is alleged that Schnetzer had recently incurred the enmity of the Italian neighbors and that they cherished a grudge against him. The victim was buried on Tuesday, 25th ult. The inquest was to have been held on the same day, but was postponed at the request of Captain Robbins until he can find Michael Dewassa, better known as "Big Mike," who is said to be implicated in the murder. John Norton, in front of whose residence the murder was committed, and who was also an eye-witness, positively identified Palmero. The ring Detective Sawyer found near the spot where Schnetzer fell exactly fits Palmero's third finger. Palmero, at first denied being the owner of the ring, but when the Captain pointed to the two black marks on the finger made by the ring, he owned up that it was his. "Big Mike" was charged by Palmero with being the man who did the stabbing.

DEMONS OF THE DEEP.

Capture of two Gigantic Specimens of the Terrifying Devil Fish of Victor Hugo's Vivid Description.

A correspondent of the Toronto Globe writes as follows from St. John's, N. F.: I have just received intelligence of the capture of two more of those gigantic cephalopods, or devil fish, for which Newfoundland of late years has become celebrated, and these are of such enormous size as to throw into the shade all the previous specimens of these monsters of the deep which have been taken. In September, 1877, a fine specimen was taken at Catalina, Trinity Bay, and brought in a perfect condition to St. John's, where it was exhibited for several days, and then purchased for the New York Aquarium, where it attracted thousands of visitors. The body of this specimen was ten feet in length, the tentacles thirty feet and the shorter arms eleven feet. The ten arms had on them not less than 2,000 suckers.

That specimen is now eclipsed by two which have been recently captured near the head of Notre Dame Bay; but I am sorry to say that both have been cut up and destroyed by the fishermen who took them. On the 2nd of last November a fisherman named Stephen Sherring was in a boat with two other men at a place called Thimble Tickle. They observed not far from the shore a shapeless mass which appeared to be in motion. On approaching nearer they saw it was an extraordinary fish as some kind, which had been left aground by the ebbing tide and was

STRUGGLING HARD TO ESCAPE.

In its frantic efforts it flung its huge arms about, lashing the water into foam, and from a funnel behind the head it spouted streams of water which was occasionally darkened by being intermixed with an inky fluid. Great glassy eyes struck terror into the hearts of the fishermen, and for a time they looked on in silent horror at the contortions of the huge monster. It was a devil fish, which had been driven by a heavy gale of wind into the shallower water, and the tide having receded, it was powerless to escape. The spouts of water were from the siphon, which is its chief organ of locomotion. It draws in the water, then ejects it through this tube with immense force, and the reaction of the surrounding medium drives it backward with great rapidity. Through the same tube it ejects an inky fluid, when attacked or alarmed and darkens the water all around. The fishermen at length plucked up courage, as they saw it getting exhausted, and approached near enough to throw the small grapnel of their boat, whose flukes having barbed points, sunk into its soft flesh. A stout rope had been attached to the grapnel, which they now carried ashore and fastened to the trunk of a tree. The powerful devil fish was

THUS MADE A PRISONER.

When the tide receded completely he was left dry on the strand, and soon expired. Had the poor men known what an interest now attaches to these marine monsters they could have preserved it in brine and brought it to St. John's, where they could have sold it for \$300 or \$400. But they only knew of it as "a big squid," and cut it up for dog's meat. The body was twenty feet in length, and the long arms thirty-five feet. Its body was thus exactly double the size of the specimen now in New York, so that it is considerably the largest devil fish yet captured.

A second devil fish was taken at the South Arm of Green Bay, Notre Dame Bay, on the 2d of last December, by a fisherman named William Budgell, resident at Three Arms, at no great distance from the scene of the former occurrence. Had the tentacles been stretched out, the monster would have measured sixty-five feet from the extremity of the tentacles to the tip of the tail, the body being twenty feet in length.

Judging by the size of the Thimble Tickle specimen compared with the proportions of the one in New York, which had 2,000 suckers, great and small, I should say that the former must have had 2,500 or 3,000 suckers, and a very powerful horny beak, in shape like that of a parrot, proportionately larger than that of the latter. A hug in those huge clammy arms, with their thousands of suckers acting like cupping glasses, and sinking into the flesh, to say nothing of the powerful beak rending the victim, would produce a very uncomfortable sensation.

Comstock's Adventure.

[Subject of Illustration.]

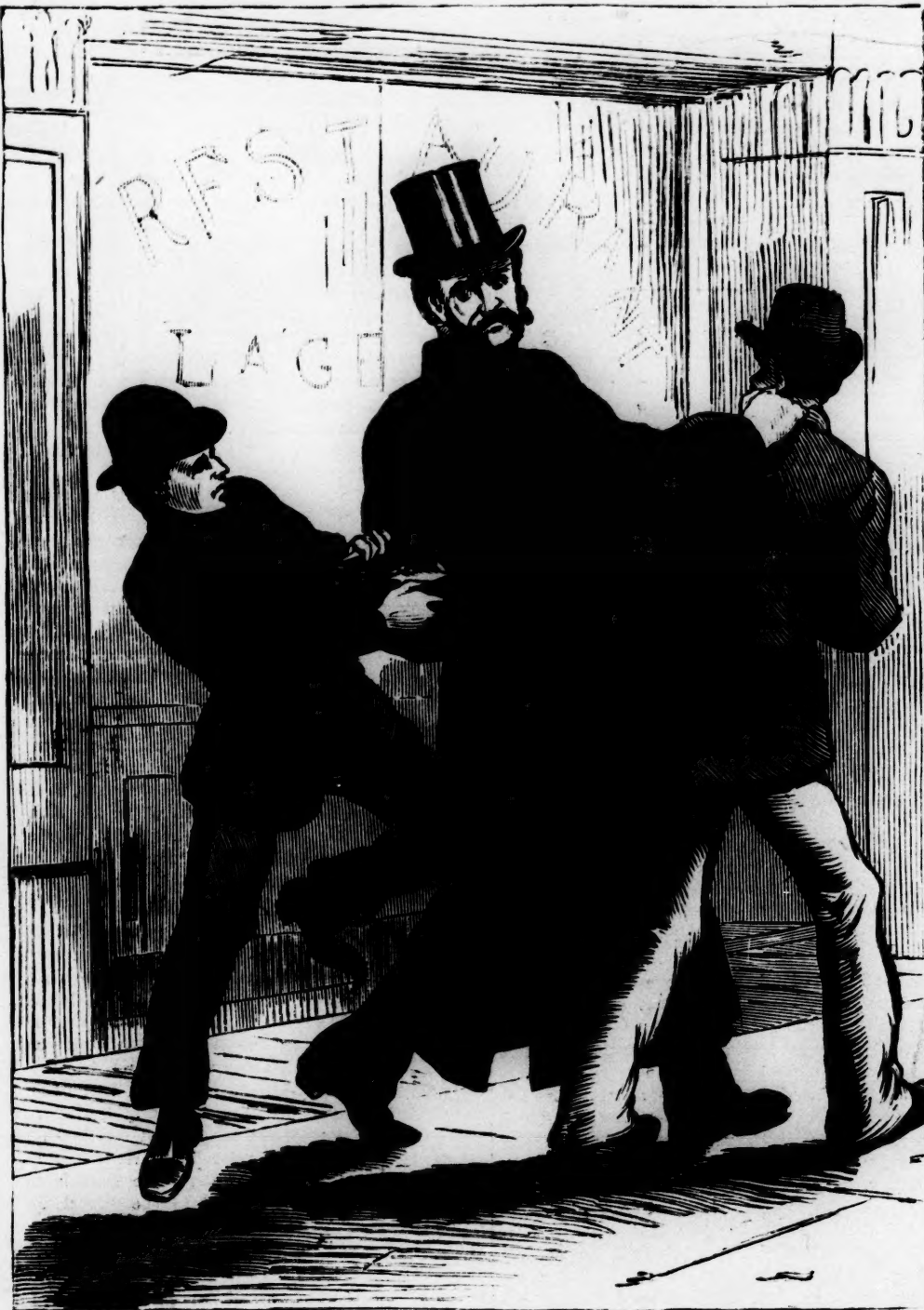
About noon on Saturday 22nd ult., Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, walked down Broadway, unattended, looking at the shop windows. When he reached 605, between Prince and Houston streets, where he found a crowd surrounding a man who wore about his head a dirty-looking red handkerchief, and was making a speech about something, Mr. Comstock edged his way into the crowd and stood face to face with the itinerant vendor. The vendor did not know him and continued to ejaculate as wildly, occasionally getting a few coppers. He was selling blank cards, three for ten cents, and the cards were a pious fraud upon vicious purchasers.



CAPTAIN ROBERT J. LINDEN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA BRANCH OF PINKERTON'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.—SEE PAGE 2.

"You are my prisoner," presently observed Mr. Comstock, grabbing him. The vendor protested his innocence and showed Mr. Comstock the cards which he sold. They were apparently harmless, but he had a suspicious lot of toy dogs and cats and monkeys. Mr. Comstock packed the cards, the cats and monkeys and dogs and little lambs in a box, and placing it under his arm, marched down Broadway towards the nearest station house with his prisoner. A crowd followed about fifty yards behind.

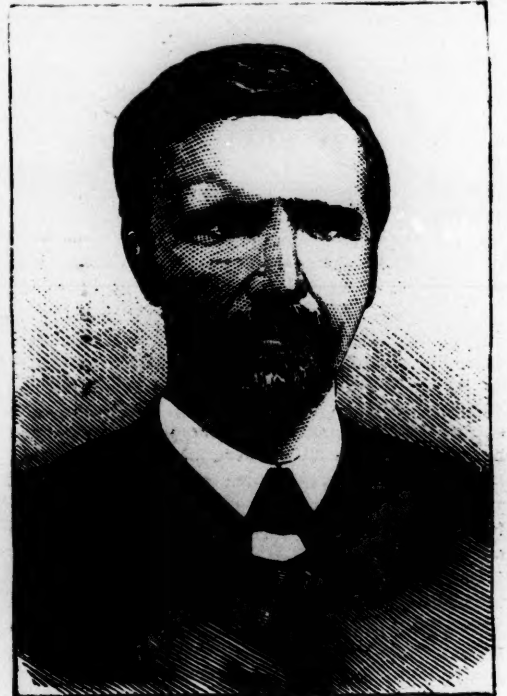
At the corner of Prince street and Broadway Mr. Comstock hesitated, apparently at a loss whether to go to the Prince street or to the Mulberry street Police Station. A number of people who were stand-



ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S ADVENTURE WITH A VICIOUS VENDER AND HIS PAL, ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

ing in front of the Metropolitan Hotel, Private Detective Kealy among them, ran down towards him and were about to offer their aid when a rough-looking lad stepped quickly up to Mr. Comstock from behind, tugged at the box which was under his arm viciously, dislodged it and ran away with it. Everybody thought it was a case of highway robbery. The robber went at a break-neck pace down Broadway, casting an occasional look behind him.

In an instant Mr. Comstock whipped out a murderous-looking revolver and ran after. At sight of the weapon the crowd dispersed in all directions. They began to doubt whether the mild person whom they supposed as Mr. Comstock was Mr. Comstock at all. Kealy followed the race, in order to render assistance



PATROLMAN M. TUOHY, CAPTurer OF THE HIGHWAYMAN, EMMELL, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 2.

If necessary. In the meantime the original vendor was astonished and took to his heels around a corner unpursued.

"Stop that man!" cried Mr. Comstock, going down town.

"Stop that man!" yelled Detective Kealy, who was right behind him.

The people ahead did not know which man to stop, and let everybody dauntly alone, especially after a glimpse of Mr. Comstock's revolver. Near Canal street Mr. Comstock caught up with the robber, and covering him with his pistol ordered him to surrender. He surrendered. Both were out of breath. Mr. Comstock returned his revolver to his hip pocket and



WICKED DECEPTION PRACTICED UPON AN AGED BUT ARDENT SWAIN, BY SOME NAUGHTY YOUNG LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO, WHO PALM OFF AN EQUALLY DEPRAVED YOUNG MAN UPON HIM AS A SUSCEPTIBLE DAMSEL, AND ENJOY THE PERFORMANCE SURREPTITIOUSLY.—SEE PAGE 3.

marched up Broadway with his prisoner. When near Prince street he was surprised to find that the other prisoner had gone away. The highway robber was taken to the Mulberry street Police Station, where he said he was John Purcell, of 19 Rose street. He was locked up. He was probably the "pal" of the original prisoner. A description of the escaped prisoner was left with Superintendent Wallingand a general alarm was sent out for him.

A Girl's Desperate Exploit.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Janitor Liscomb, of the Adelphi, a French apartment house at 203 West Fifty-second street, on the 20th ult., noticed a comely and tidily dressed young woman going up the rear stairs of the building. He knew she did not live there, and, following her up to the fifth story, he saw her insert a key into the key-hole of the door of one of the servants' rooms and enter. Following her into the room, he demanded to know her business there, when she suddenly dodged past him and ran into the hall and down one flight of stairs. Near the foot of the flight she saw a door, and grasping the knob she opened it and passed through. It was the door opening on the dumb waiter way, and the unfortunate girl disappeared from the sight of the horror-stricken janitor as if by magic. She had fallen from the fourth floor, and there was nothing to stop her fall till she reached the basement. Fully expecting to see her dead body at the bottom, the janitor peered down, but saw her clinging to the rope at the bottom. She had caught at it in her fall, and securing a grasp had slid with frightful rapidity to the bottom, a distance of some fifty feet. Rushing downstairs the janitor found her apparently not seriously hurt, although her hands were badly blistered and lacerated by the rapidity with which the rope had passed through them. She also complained that her foot was hurt, but as she was able to stand and walk and this injury was not deemed important. Detective Cottrell chanced to be in a building near by, and on the alarm being given he came and arrested the girl, whom he claims to recognize as an old offender. She walked with him to the Twenty-second Precinct station house, where she gave her name as Mary Smith, her age as fifteen years, and her residence as 517 West Forty-sixth street. The police say she is an old offender, and that when on a former occasion she was arrested she gave her name as Margaret Wormer and her residence as Thirty-ninth street. Both addresses were found to be fictitious.

At the station house the girl complained of great pain in her foot, and the police surgeon examined it and declared that there was a fracture of one of the small bones. She was thereupon sent to the Roosevelt Hospital.

On being questioned there, she admitted that she had given a false address, and said she had been ill-treated at home by her father, who called her vile names and put her out of the house when she came without money. She had tried to get work as a scrub-woman, and, failing in that, she went into the Adelphi to see if she could "get" something. On a mention of her mother, her lip quivered and her eyes filled instantly with tears.

Deadly Assault by a Young Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

DALTON, Ga., February 18.—Near the suburbs of this city lives a family named Jones, consisting of a mother and four daughters, noted for their beauty, culture and refinement, but alleged to be of "fast" tendencies. Accordingly they are not popular with the female portion of our best society, but devote their time to the entertainment of the young gentlemen of the vicinity. On Saturday night, 8th inst., a number had gathered around their hospitable fireside. While the laughter and mirth was at its height a young man of this city, of the name of Shields, entered. He acted in a boisterous manner, and was



MISS PAULINE MARKHAM, THE POPULAR BURLESQUE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

finally ordered out by Miss Mattie Jones, one of the sisters. Shields immediately started for the door, but on his way out he roughly took hold of one of the women when Mattie seized an iron poker and went to the rescue of her sister, striking Shields three terrible blows over the head with the poker and crushing his skull in a terrible manner. Shields was at once picked up and carried home, where he is now lying in a very critical condition. The women are under arrest, awaiting the result of his injuries. The sympathies of the community, however, seem to be with them, though excitement prevails.

Dastardly Murder by a Negro.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

ALEXANDRIA, Va., February 20.—On the night of the 6th inst., at half past nine o'clock, Mr. Howard Holtzclaw, ticket agent and telegraph operator at Warrenton Junction, Fauquier county, this state, started from the depot to go to his boarding-house, the residence of W. B. G. Shumate, a distance of three quarters of a mile from the station. The depot occupies an isolated position, having no settlement around it. Mr. Holtzclaw pursued his lonely walk for half a mile down the railroad track, and then, crossing a three-plank foot-bridge over a ditch, proceeded to the path leading to Mr. Shumate's house. As he approached a stile over the fence he fell, pierced through the head by a musket ball. His assassin had concealed himself behind a "cattle guard" fencing, and, with the assistance of a large board used as a blind, effectually concealed himself from view. The muzzle of his gun rested on one plank of the "cattle guard," between the board and a fence-post, leaving its trace in a dark powder stain. The body was found next morning at half-past seven o'clock. The pockets were rifled of money, keys and watch. The murderer's apprehension followed quickly upon his crime. His tracks led to a neighboring house, where his gun and shoes were found, the latter being identified with the track by exact fit and several peculiar nails in the soles. Subsequently he was arrested at Melrose Station, three miles from the scene of the tragedy and six miles from Warrenton. Circumstances conspired to make the evidence convincing, and the guilty wretch, who proved to be John Williams, alias Richmond, a respectable-looking mulatto man, formerly employed to clean up the depot office, was lodged in the jail at Warrenton.

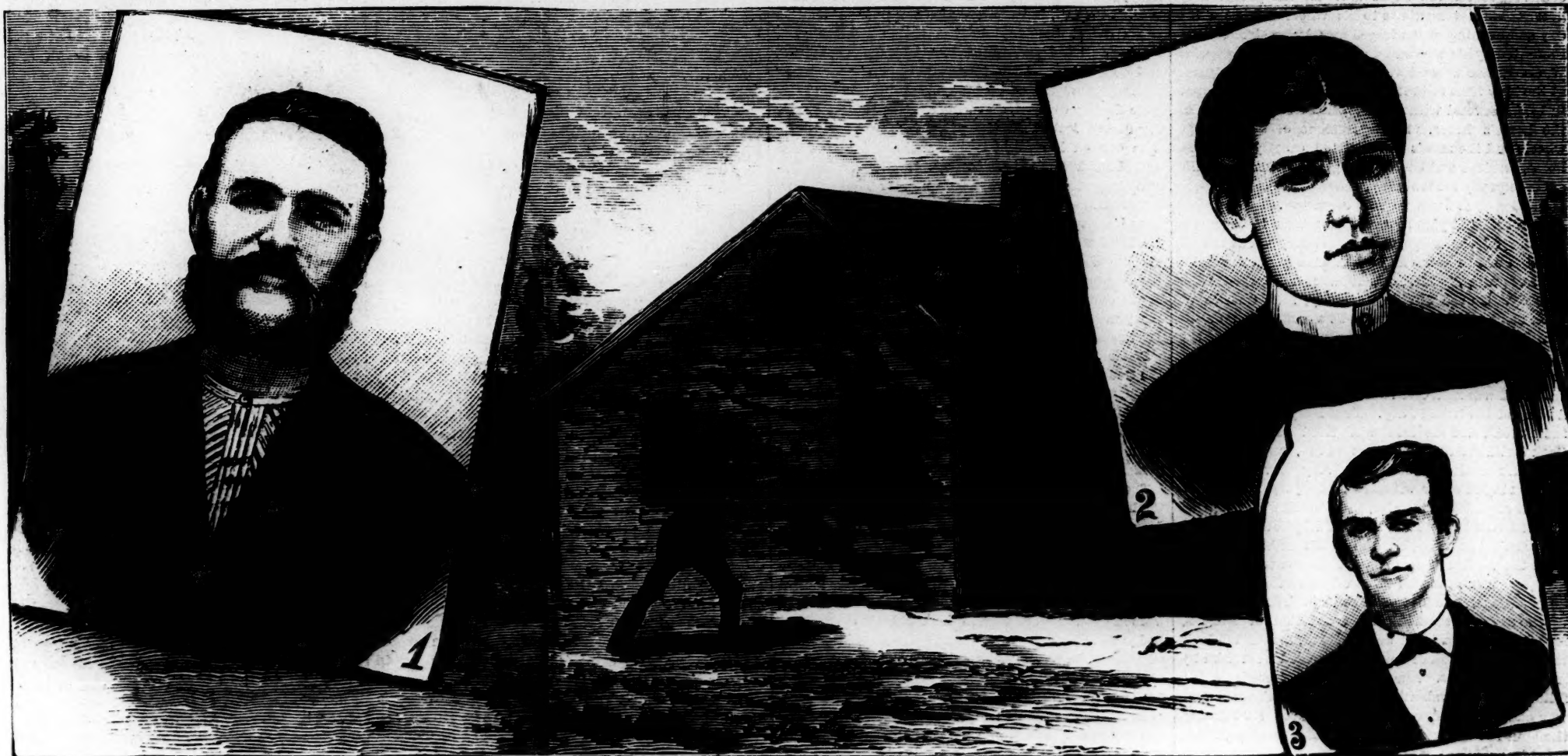
On the evening of the 8th, such threats of lynching were freely made as to warrant his removal, and he was taken from the jail by the back door and conveyed, under cover of darkness, to the train for Alexandria, where he is now securely held in the jail in this place. The murder was a most cold-blooded and deliberate one, and much excitement prevails in regard to it throughout this section. The execution of the perpetrator will be the first instance of the infliction of capital punishment in the large and wealthy county of Fauquier since the war.

Savage and Fatal Street Affray.

[Subject of Illustration.]

NEW ORLEANS, La., February 25.—Sell Howell, General Southern Passenger Agent of the Piedmont Air Line Railway, was shot and instantly killed by A. T. Wimberly, a merchant of Coffeeville, Miss., in an affray on the corner of St. Charles and Common streets today. Ed. Howell, a brother of the deceased, shot Wimberly in the back, making a dangerous wound. About a dozen shots were fired. A bystander was also wounded. Ed. Howell was arrested. Wimberly was sent to the hospital.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Feb. 26.—The Grand Jury this morning presented an indictment for murder in the first degree against William Buchholz for killing John Henry Schulte at Norwalk on the 27th of last December. Buchholz, who is ignorant of the English language, pleaded, through his interpreter, not guilty.



THE BROOKFIELD, N. H., TRAGEDY—MURDER OF MISS SUSAN A. HANSON, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 2, 1874.—SEE PAGE 6.

1.—JOSEPH B. BUZZELL, ONCE ACQUITTED OF THE CRIME, THEN RE-ARRESTED, CONVICTED AND NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH. 2.—MISS SUSAN A. HANSON, THE VICTIM. 3.—CHARLES W. COOK, ON WHOSE EVIDENCE, WHICH HE NOW ASSERTS WAS FALSE, BUZZELL WAS CONVICTED.

AN ASTOUNDING STORY.

Appalling Revelation of a Conspiracy in which two Private Detectives of Boston Figure as

UNPARALLELED VILLAINS.

An Innocent Man Consigned to the Gallows on Perjured Testimony and Thirty More Sent to Prison

FOR CRIMES COMMITTED BY THEMSELVES

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

A startling story has come to light in Boston, which, if it does not accomplish the main object evidently in view, will at least throw some light on the operations of a certain gang of alleged blackmailers who have infested that community under the name of private detectives. The main object is to re-open a celebrated murder case in New Hampshire, and if possible save the neck of a man who is under sentence of death in the State Prison. There are now substantial reasons for believing that the case will be re-opened, but whether the convict's door will be thrown open by the new revelations is not so probable.

The history of the crime, briefly told, is as follows: On the second day of November, 1874, a few minutes after seven o'clock, P. M., Miss Susan A. Hanson was murdered while sitting at a table in her mother's house in the little town of Brookfield, N. H. A charge of buckshot was fired through a window which took effect in her head and neck.

CAUSING ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS DEATH.

An alarm was sounded and every effort made to find some clue to the murderer, but beyond the fact that the track of carriage wheels were seen on the road, and the prints of a man's shoes and the butt of a gun found in the field in front of the house, nothing material was discovered. Naturally the thoughtful people of the community and the police officers next began to cast about for a motive. For whose interest was it that Miss Hanson should die? It was evident that robbery was not intended, for the murderer made no attempt to enter the house. What, then, was the object? By process of reasoning, similar to that employed in such cases, suspicion was fastened upon one Joseph B. Buzzell, a stone-mason, aged thirty-eight, who resided some distance from the Hanson house. Buzzell had at one time been engaged to be married to Miss Hanson, and had several times postponed the wedding. He was finally compelled to marry another woman, and Miss Hanson filed

A SUIT FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

The case was soon to be heard before the court. Here was a motive which was considered strong enough at least to establish a reasonable belief in his guilt.

Buzzell was arrested a few days after the tragedy and locked up on a charge of willful murder. He stoutly asserted his innocence and stated that he had been to Wolfboro' that day; that he left that town at half past five and came home by a mountain road, arriving at twenty minutes past seven P. M.; that this route would not bring him nearer to the Hanson homestead than two miles, and that it was impossible for him to have committed the deed. However, the detectives and lawyers maintained that he had plenty of time to do the job and get home, and to strengthen their position they made out a discrepancy of half an hour. It was also found that a large gun, which he was known to have had in his possession, had disappeared, and Buzzell was unable to satisfactorily account for its sudden departure. At the preliminary hearing his statements as to his whereabouts on the day and evening of the tragedy were very strongly corroborated by his wife and a young man named Charles W. Cook, who worked with him. The trial took place at the May term of the Supreme Court, held in Ossipee in 1875. Several witnesses testified that the prints on the horse's hoofs, the impressions of the carriage wheels and the man's boots fitted exactly with the horse, carriage and boots belonging to Buzzell, while others equally trustworthy,

SWORE TO THE CONTRARY.

After a brilliant plea by the counsel for the defense, and the judge's charge, the jury retired, and at the expiration of two hours and a half brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Mr. Buzzell was discharged from custody. On the 5th day of May, 1878, Charles W. Cook made what purported to be a confession of his complicity in the crime, and swore that he did the shooting under a threat of Buzzell, who employed him to do the job.

Buzzell was rearrested and locked up to await the finding of the Grand Jury. That body found a new indictment, and the case was tried in June, 1878. Cook testified substantially as above, and stood the sharp fire of cross-examination very cleverly. After the hearing of other witnesses, the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder, and Buzzell was sentenced to be executed July 10th, 1879. Exceptions were filed on technical grounds, but the Court refused to set aside the verdict or sentence. Now comes

THE STARTLING PART OF THE STORY.

John J. Conway, who was Cohen's partner in working up the case and securing the conviction of Buzzell, for which a reward had been offered, makes affidavit that the confession of Cook was wrested from him by fraud and threats. Among other statements is the following: On or about May 1, 1877, we, the said Conway and Cohen, arrested the said Cook for burning the house of the said Churchill, and took him to the hotel in Farmington and kept him three days, then took him to Ossipee and kept him three days more, and then delivered him, the said Cook, to High Sheriff Demeritt, of Carroll county, at his request. While the said Cook was in our custody he confessed, as aforesaid, to the incendiarism, and Samuel Cohen, sometimes called Solomon Cohen, promised him, the

said Cook, that if he, the said Cook, would confess to the murder of Susan A. Hanson, and that he, the said Cook, was instigated and compelled to do the murder by Joseph B. Buzzell, he, the said Cohen, would see that he, the said Cook, was protected from all prosecution and harm, should he so testify, which proposition was untrue, and originated in the brain of said Cohen; and from my knowledge of and with Cook I am satisfied and know that Joseph B. Buzzell never instigated Charles W. Cook to murder Susan A. Hanson, but said Cook was induced to swear to the falsehood by Cohen's promise of immunity from prosecution in

THE INCENDIARY CASE.

A visit was next made to New Hampshire and Cook was discovered at work for Nathaniel Horne, of Farmington. After consultation with a lawyer he was induced to make a statement and made a sworn deposition in which he detailed the circumstances of his arrest by Cohen and Conway, their locking him up, compelling him to drink beer, &c. He then states:—

"I, Charles W. Cook, of Farmington, N. H., on oath depose and say that the testimony I gave at the trial of Joseph B. Buzzell in regard to his hiring me to shoot Susan Hanson, of Brookfield, N. H., is false. I did not have anything to do with the shooting of Susan A. Hanson, of Brookfield, N. H., and the testimony I gave at Wolfboro' Junction was not true. The story that I testified to was made up by Cohen after he had arrested me for setting fires, and he told me that, if I did not swear to the story he had made up, he (Cohen) had evidence to send me for twenty years, and if I did swear to it, I should come out all right. They refused to let me see any counsel when I requested it, and compelled me to do just as they said. I was in their power and could do no better, and I cannot bear the idea of having a man hung on my testimony, which was false. If they shove me for perjury, I had rather stand it than to have a man hung who knows about it and is not guilty. If I had known my rights, no one could have compelled me to have done as I did. CHARLES W. COOK."

BEAUTIFUL DETECTIVE WORK.

Subsequent to the events above detailed, it is alleged that these worthies had been interested in trying to convict three men of the crime of incendiarism in Hingham and the mutilation of the statue of Governor Andrew in that town. It is also alleged that they are suspected of having put up the whole job to get the reward and then placed some of the evidences of guilt in the hands of the men whom they wanted to convict. On the night of the 23rd both Conway and Cohen were arrested on a charge of breaking and entering and setting fire to the depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad at Canton and tampering with a switch. The scheme, so far as the officers have been able to trace it, both from their testimony and from their knowledge of previous operations, was probably, as it appears, to set fire to the depot, rob it, break open the switch below the depot, near a high embankment, and precipitate a passenger train into the chasm below. They would then go to the corporation in their capacity of private detectives, inform the officers of the road that they had a slight clue to the perpetrators of the nefarious crime, and that they would go to work on it. Their next move would be to ascertain the suspicions of the officers of the road, put some evidences of guilt in their possession, get the suspected individuals drunk and extort a confession, and thereby secure handsome rewards. The men were arraigned before the Municipal Court in Boston on the 24th and held in \$3,000 each for trial on March 4.

The Fifth Avenue Highway Robbery.

[With Portrait.]

David Pender, alias "Davy, the Kid," who tore a diamond earring from the ear of Mrs. Augusta De Bary, of 15 West Fifty-second street, on the afternoon of the 14th ult., in Fifth avenue, was put on trial in the General Sessions on the 25th. John Flynn, Pender's alleged accomplice, demanded a separate trial, and he was taken back to the prisoners' pen. Both men are beardless, and of boyish appearance. They were flashily dressed, and wore much jewelry. After Flynn was locked in the prisoners' pen, his young wife carried her child there. The child crowded and patted his father's face through the bars. The impantelling of the jury was laborious, for Pender's lawyer seemed averse to would-be jurors whose wives wear jewelry in the street. District Attorney Bell said Pender's was the most outrageous crime that has blackened our criminal records for years. Mrs. De Bary's physician certified that her appearance in court might endanger her life. Mrs. Swan, Mrs. De Bary's companion at the time of the robbery, and Captain Byrnes testified to facts already published.

Pender's lawyer said that it would be an insult to the Court and the jury, after the evidence had been given, to attempt to show that Pender was not guilty. He did commit the robbery. But, the lawyer argued strenuously, the evidence would justify a verdict of an attempt at robbery, grand larceny, or larceny from the person.

The jury were in consultation for twenty minutes. Then they found Pender guilty of robbery in the first degree. He sat pale and still, but his old mother began the loud lamentation of women of her race. An officer led her out, and then Pender stood up stolidly to hear his sentence. He gave one long, bitter look at Mrs. Swan and the fashionably-attired men and women about her, and then he fixed his eyes upon Judge Gildersleeve's face. Mr. Bell said that Pender, when only fourteen years of age, was convicted of highway robbery.

"The evidence, Pender," Judge Gildersleeve said, "shows that you are a dangerous criminal, bold, reckless and cruel. You appear to be devoid of human sympathy. I feel that you ought to receive the highest penalty provided by the law, not only as a punishment to yourself, but as a warning to other desperate men. I sentence you to state prison at hard labor for twenty years."

Pender's face turned ashy white, and he fell back into a chair.

FEDERATED FIENDS.

Terrible Record of the Olive Brothers, the Inhuman Nebraska Man-Burners who are Accused of the Frightful Atrocities Perpetrated upon the Unfortunate Mitchell and Ketchum.

TAYLORSVILLE, Texas, February 22.—The recent burning at the stake of Mitchell and Ketchum in Nebraska—a scene in which Prentice, familiarly "Print" Olive, formerly of this part of Texas, figured—has called forth a statement, published over the signature of "Many Citizens," setting forth the many crimes and murders perpetrated by "Print" and his brother, Bob Olive, while residents of this county. The statement contains a record of bloody devilry and unprovoked murder hardly much surpassed by the late Bill Longley himself.

Directly after the close of the late war the Olive family, who were residents of this county, (Williamson), had but little stock. Under the management of "Print" Olive, however, their herds grew to immense proportions and those of their neighbors became beautifully less. "Print" showed himself to be utterly brutal, fierce and savage, and gathering around him a lot of cowboys and satellites as desperate as himself, soon became

A TERROR TO THE COUNTRY.

So completely were the people of the community bulldozed that neither judges, witnesses, juries, nor anybody else dared to take any stand against them. "Print" boasted it was easier to move men than cattle. This ring of desperate characters became widely known as the "Olive party," and so great was the tyranny they exercised in the country that people dared not even whisper about them. The devilries of these men stretched through many years, and the surrounding country was familiar with the red record of "Print" and Bob Olive. Eventually a dozen good and determined men of Williamson county, not being able to stand it any longer, secretly met and determined the bloody rule of the Olives and their tyrannical sway should end and their following be punished. As a result of this combination for self protection, Jay Olive was killed, and "Print," the leader of the band, seriously but not mortally injured. Finding that the community, so long insulted and cowed down, emboldened by the leadership of the lynchers, had arisen against them, the Olives and their hangers-on, taking their cattle, valued at \$100,000, made tracks out of Texas and went to Nebraska. Had they remained, they would all undoubtedly have been killed by the infuriated and determined mob of their long-outraged neighbors. In this part of the country reliable citizens tell many stories of

THE MANY MURDERS OF THESE OUTLAWS.

Like the majority of Texas desperadoes, these assassins were real cowards, and their murders were generally cowardly, either actual assassinations or killings after the drop was had on the victim, which amounts to the same thing. Among the most dastardly and cowardly murders of the gang was that of Deets Phreme. Phreme was a highly respected, peaceable young man of Salado, Bell county, who moved into Williamson in 1875, and, like the Olives, engaged in cattle raising. From some cause the poor fellow incurred the displeasure of these inhuman devils. He had been in the "range" but a couple of months, when, one day, riding out on the beautiful prairies, the lovely plains spread out like flowery carpets in the light of a semi-tropical sun, Phreme was met by "Print" Olive and party, also on horseback, armed with six-shooters, booted and spurred. "Print" began savagely to abuse the young man, whom he charged with stealing some of the Olive cattle. Like a set of sneaking, dastardly cowards, as they were, these men assaulted Phreme, giving him no chance, but beat him over the head with their heavy six-shooters, and told him they would kill him the next time they met him on the prairies. Sure enough a few days afterward, Phreme was met by "Print" and his crowd on the prairie. They immediately made the attack, and although the victim fought for his life, wounding Olive, he was

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.

The crimson stream from his heart flowed out and reddened the soft, beautiful green grass of the spot. Of course the murderers were not punished, for no jury dared find a verdict against "Print."

Now in Texas it is a dangerous thing to be even supposed to know anything of the misdeeds of your neighbors. Bob Olive had a negro named Kelly, who was thought to know too much of the doings of the Olives—more than they desired him to know. The result was that Kelly was killed, for fear he might take a notion to "blow" upon them. Bob Olive was, for the murder of Kelly, indicted in the district court of Williamson. To get rid of the evidence of Dock Kelly, a brother of the murdered negro, Dock was himself deliberately and in cold blood murdered by Bob Olive, who was thenceforth a declared outlaw. The killing of Dock occurred in 1876. His feat in the line of assassination was the murder of Cal Null. This occurred in a drinking saloon at the small village of McDade, on the western branch of the Central Railway. Apparently Null had given the desperado no provocation, and the outlaw seems to have accomplished the deed out of a pure desire for blood. The motives of the deed are, however, still wrapped in mystery. In 1876 two negroes from Liberty county on the Trinity, entered the Olive neighborhood and suddenly and

MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Shortly afterwards two other negroes, friends of the missing ones, also came into the neighborhood in search of them. These last two freedmen were captured by Bob and "Print" Olive, who had evidently determined to murder them also. They summoned several of the gang, and while a consultation was being held in a grocery store, the negroes made a bold rush and escaped. The bodies of their friends were, a short time afterwards, found in a ravine in the Olive neighborhood.

In 1876, two negroes, Red Banks and Jack Dodson, traveling, alighted in the wood opposite "Print" Olive's house, and asked to get a drink of water from

the well in the yard. Mrs. Olive kindly granted the request, but, seeing the negroes in the yard, "Print," before they could speak, rushed upon them with a six-shooter and shot Red Banks dead on the spot. His companion, Dodson, escaped, after being shot at by this red-handed and cowardly devil. But probably the darkest, most damnable deed perpetrated by these scoundrels was the killing of a boy named Smith, sixteen years of age. With the happy and joyous anticipations of youth, he thought no evil, and dreamed not as he passed through the Olive neighborhood, of the dreadful death he was soon to die. He had no quarrel with the Olives or any of their clan. They, however, meeting him, took him for a spy from the officers of justice.

A THING OF WHICH HE WAS INNOCENT.

He was captured in the wood by the brutal and devilish "Print" and his crowd of dirty menials. "Print" demanded his business in that neighborhood. The boy, terrified, attempted to explain the best he could, but the inhuman fiend would not listen to him. According to a respectable female witness of the affair, a Mrs. Whitmire, the scoundrels set upon the boy with their heavy riding-whips, with which they continued to lash him till he was tortured almost to the last gasp. Mrs. Whitmire testified that after they had whipped him these infamous villains took the poor boy into a pasture near by, when she heard three shots. Nothing more was heard of the boy until his bones were found, a few months afterwards, in a dried-up tank belonging to the Olives. Such are some of the almost incredible outrages of these bloody demons in human shape. And the desire of all good citizens here is that "Print" Olive, now in jail in Nebraska, may be made promptly to stretch hemp there, and save the job to the citizens of Williamson county, who would most assuredly undertake it if these scoundrels are ever again caught in this part of the country.

The citizens who put forth the statement above referred to conclude the gory recital of the deeds of the Olives with the following paragraph: "The bare recital of these bloody deeds throws a chill of horror over us. Words fail to portray the deep and dark damnation of these deeds, at which the demons of hell would seem to blush. And yet I. P. Olive, the instigator, perpetrator, the head-devil of all this fearful shedding of human blood, cries out from behind his prison bars in Nebraska that he is an innocent man!"

Terrible Quadrangular Duel.

VICKSBURG, Miss., February 24.—In the annals of the deadly affrays in this state scarcely any occurrence has been noted so fatal in its results as that which occurred on board the steamer Sunflower, while lying at Johnsonville, the county seat of Sunflower county.

About ten days ago Colonel L. A. Holman, while in Johnsonville, on entering Dr. W. L. Lowry's store, was accosted by Dr. Lowry, who ordered Holman out, remarking, it is said, that Holman was no gentleman, and did not keep his word, or something to that effect. Holman departed, saying in substance that he would see Lowry again. On the morning of the affair Colonel Holman engaged passage on the steamer Sunflower for Vicksburg, accompanied by his father-in-law, Dr. G. C. Walker. The boat arrived at Johnsonville somewhat earlier than usual, and Colonel Holman and Dr. Walker together went ashore, but in a short time returned.

Perhaps a half-hour later Dr. Lowry, as was usual with him, came on the boat to transact his business, and while entering the cabin was caught, it is said, by the left arm or back by Colonel Holman, who turned Lowry half way around, and putting his pistol to his breast, fired. Lowry started down the cabin, but instantly turned, and seeing his clerk, John C. Arnold, start from his chair, being shaved at the time, said: "Kill him, John, kill him, he has shot me."

Arnold ran out of the cabin to attack Holman, and Lowry, walking to the cabin door, cocked his pistol and fired at Holman. At the same instant of time, perceiving Dr. Walker with a pistol in his hand, he pointed his pistol at Walker with deadly effect, Walker falling and expiring almost instantly without a struggle. Lowry then walked back in the cabin staggering, and fell, and in about two minutes expired also.

In the meantime Arnold and Holman were fighting outside the cabin. Arnold received a wound in the chest and died shortly after being removed from the boat. Colonel Holman being wounded in the left arm and side, but to what extent could not be ascertained, as the boat left shortly afterward.

All the parties engaged are very highly respected. Dr. Lowry was a brother of General Robert Lowery, and leaves a widow and six children. Arnold was a brother of Judge Arnold, of Columbus, Miss., Colonel Holman being a prominent and talented lawyer, and respected in the community in which he lives.

Dr. Walker was one of the oldest residents of the county, and was supposed to have no enemies. Colonel Holman, the only survivor, was immediately arrested.

His Good Opinion of the Law.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., February 21.—Knox Martin, colored, who, on the night of January 14, went to the home of John Whittmeier, a prominent German citizen, while he and his wife were asleep in bed, and broke their skulls and arms and necks, and otherwise brutally mutilated them, was sentenced to-day to be hanged on March 28. He took his sentence with stoical indifference. When asked by his attorney this afternoon whether he desired to apply for a new trial or appeal to the Supreme Court, he remarked, "I don't want either. It is no use. There's no hope." He told his brother that he had "expected the sentence and that the law would have been very unjust if it did not hang him. If he were not hanged for the brutal crime he committed there was little use for law."

Near Shellsburgh, Iowa, on the 15th ult., Wm. Pittlinger, a recently released lunatic, attacked and fatally injured Mr. and Mrs. Case, where he was living.

GLOVED GLADIATORS.

Scientific and Spirited Combat with Hard
Gloves Between Mike Coburn and
"Spring Dick" Goodwin.

A LIGHT WEIGHT CONTEST.

Three Hours of Desperate Fighting, Secretly
Conducted in a Public Hall, Ending
with a Police Raid

AND A NIGHT IN THE CELLS ALL AROUND

[Subject of Illustration.]

The interruption of the long-talked-of glove contest between Richard Goodwin, alias "Spring Dick," the English pugilist, recently released from the State Prison at Trenton, N. J., where he had been consigned for his unfortunate presence at the fatal Weeden and Walker prize fight, and Mike Coburn, brother of the famous Joe, now in the penitentiary, which was arranged to take place at Masonic Hall, East Thirteenth street, the police have been on the alert, knowing that the pugilists and their friends were determined that the fight should come off.

Early in the evening of Friday, 21st ult., a well-dressed man called on Thomas Farwell, janitor of Brevoort Hall, on Fifty-fourth street, near Third avenue, owned by Alderman Carroll of the Tammany General Committee, and desired of him the hall for the meeting of a "political caucus."

The hall is occupied by day by a branch of the Fifty-first Street Primary School, except as to the gin-mill and billiard-room on the first floor, and is used on both floors for political meetings pretty much all the time. The janitor's suspicions apparently were not alarmed by the good clothes of his visitor, and he let him the hall for \$10. Soon after, he says, a crowd of 150 persons entered the room and

THE DOORS WERE CLOSED.

He thought the meeting exceedingly orderly and wondered, in his innocence, what made it so. He tried to get in, but couldn't. Then he wondered still more, but presently the door was opened, he was taken in, was told what was going on, and was, alas, unable to get out again, though aghast at the desecration of the premises. He was told that the tickets were \$10. There was a ring in the centre of the room, and over the floor was scattered sand. On benches ranged about the ring sat the spectators, who, in his opinion, were "chiefly of club-men, brokers and sporting characters." Coburn was dressed in tight and wore shoes with spikes in the soles. Goodwin wore tight and slippers. Both men were stripped above the waist. The fighting was done with hard gloves. The difference in the men's size was particularly noticeable as they stood face to face in the ring stripped to the waist, Goodwin being but five feet three inches and weighing 122 pounds while Coburn turned the scale at 133 and stood five feet seven. Both were in excellent condition.

"Time" was called at about half past eight. This was explained to Mr. Farwell to mean that the men were

ABOUT TO FIGHT EACH OTHER.

A man named Daly, of Philadelphia, was chosen referee. Coburn's brother James acted as his umpire, while Albert Phillips, a Broadway barber, took care of Goodwin. At the call both men stepped into the ring, followed by their seconds, Edward Mallahan and William Bennet, for Coburn, and Abraham Smith and "Dooney" Harris for Goodwin. The fight was "under the Marquis of Queensbury's rules—three minute rounds and one minute time." When the word was given for the work of sin to begin, Goodwin led off and was cleverly stopped. Goodwin forced the fighting from the first round. The sparring was declared by those present to be scientific, and the hitting was very hard during the first part of the fight. On the twenty-fourth round Coburn claimed and was allowed "first blood," and shortly after claimed a knock-down, but it was not allowed, the referee deciding that Goodwin fell from the force of his own blow. The fighting was then very steady, Goodwin "getting in very heavily on Coburn's ribs and body," while the latter countered on the right side of Goodwin's head and face, neither getting much the best of it. The fighting was kept up more than three hours, during which time both men were well pummelled, Goodwin especially attacking his antagonist in the wind. Goodwin was badly punished, but

MANFULLY FACED THE MUSIC.

After sixty rounds had been fought, lasting three hours and twenty minutes, it was plain that Goodwin had no chance to win, but he still fought on. Coburn still forced the fighting, and how Goodwin stood the storm of blows Coburn rained in on him was a mystery. In the sixty-first round Coburn planted a terrific left-hander on Goodwin's jaw, which staggered him, and followed it up with a blow on the nose, and Goodwin was brought to a bewildering stand-still.

At this juncture the cry of "Police!" was raised, and a panic ensued among the audience. The crowd rushed to and fro, frantically trying to leave the building. Coburn hid himself under a bar in the back of the room, from which hiding place he was with difficulty extracted. His antagonist was dressing when the officers entered. The spectators, many of whom had rushed to the windows in the hopes of jumping out, but had found the second story too high for a comfortable jump, were calmly awaiting arrest. The whole company were, it is alleged, arrested, and half an hour was consumed in getting them to the station-house by sections. This was half past one a. m.

Captain Mount had the whole place surrounded, and pugilists and spectators were bagged, with but few exceptions. Even four reporters who were present to write up the affair for their journals did not escape the common fate, but were locked up with the rest, and were not allowed even to communicate with their

respective offices. No report of the occurrence, therefore, appeared until the Sunday issue. Among the prisoners taken to the station-house was Farwell, the janitor, who was

ARRESTED WHILE LOOKING ON.

He claims that while he was lighting the gas in the hall, the fight began, and when he tried to leave, the door was locked, and the men guarding it compelled him to remain in and he became an involuntary spectator.

The captives were arraigned before Justice Morgan, at the Fifty-seventh Street Police Court, at seven o'clock on Saturday morning. Captain Mount preferring a charge of participating in a prize fight against them.

Three witnesses swore that the men had worn gloves as provided by statute, and were, therefore not guilty of any violation of the law, and the complaint was dismissed. For some reason or other in these circumstances it was considered requisite to record the names of the other prisoners, and they very generally considered it requisite to give somebody else's names. This process was attended with confusion to that degree that Justice Morgan had to rebuke several of the prisoners for their forgetfulness about their names and their respective mechanical vocations.

The prisoners left the court-room rejoicing, but very much puzzled as to how the police had become aware that the fight was taking place. One of the discharged participants related with much gusto how a policeman on post in front of Brevoort Hall had asked him what was going on inside, and, when he replied that it was an anti-Tammany caucus, had gone away satisfied. The fight was declared a draw.

A Phenomenal Scoundrel.

[With Portrait.]

In our preceding issue we gave an account of a revolting crime perpetrated in Cincinnati, O., on the 18th ult., of which a little girl, six years of age, named Hattie Hoberg, was the innocent victim. The child, with a companion of her own age, were accosted on their way home from school by a man, who enticed them to a secluded spot in the outskirts of the city, where he perpetrated a fiendish outrage upon the person of the little girl in question and fled. The children were unable to climb a steep embankment, covered as it was with snow, to gain the street, their cries were not heard for a long time and they were almost perished with cold and fright when discovered, about eight o'clock that evening. From their description, a young man, a painter by trade, named Harry Hulise, was suspected. The police searched his house, but he managed to conceal himself, and it was not until two days later that he was captured in his cellar, where he was ingeniously concealed. The little girls and other persons positively identified him, and the evidence against him seems overwhelming. He tried to show an alibi, but was flatly contradicted by his wife. In the jail he finally virtually confessed his guilt, and intimated that he should make no defense, but throw himself upon the mercy of the court. The feeling of the community was most intensely excited against him. Such threats of lynching were made that great precautions were felt to be necessary in guarding him. The general feeling appeared to be that he ought to be shot down like any other dangerous beast. In another place we give an authentic portrait of the accused, who, if the charges against him are proved, will certainly appear as one of the most infamous criminals of the age.

John Peter Colston, the "Big Swede."

[With Portrait.]

Among the many pedestrian feats that have been accomplished since the outbreak of the walking fever none have been more remarkable, if, indeed, they bear comparison in all respects, with that of John Peter Colston, termed the "Big Swede." At eleven o'clock, on the night of February 21st, at Eagle Hall, in Hoboken, N. J., where for three long weeks he had been keeping up his weary tramp, Colston completed the stupendous task of walking 1,018 miles in 500 consecutive hours. He had originally intended to cover the even 1,000 miles in that time, but by extra walking, over his allowance of two miles per hour, he added eighteen to his score, but was prevented by his trainer from keeping up the extra pace, which he was very desirous of doing and relinquished with regret. His feat is remarkable enough, however, as it stands.

Colston seemed but little the worse for wear on its completion, though, of course, he was pretty well rid of all superfluous flesh, and his portrait, which we publish elsewhere, taken just after his finish, shows him to have been in capital condition, sufficient to justify his declaration, that he "would undertake to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours the next day."

Angell, the Pullman Palace Car Company's Refugee.

[With Portrait.]

Charles W. Angell, whose \$100,000 defalcation as Cashier of the Pullman Palace Car Company, in Chicago, in July last, flight to Europe and subsequent capture in Portugal have already been detailed in our columns, and whose portrait is given on another page, arrived in Philadelphia on the American bark Shooting Star, from Lisbon, on the 21st ult., in charge of Captain Whitney Frank, of London, in the service of the United States Treasury. Angell offered no resistance to the proceedings to return him to Chicago, but on the contrary facilitated them in every possible way, and seemed anxious to reach that city and face the matter. He had previously returned \$80,000 of the embezzled funds when apprehended. He arrived in Chicago without further incident, and, on the 27th ult., was brought up for trial in that city, pleaded guilty of embezzlement, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He said he had resolved to make no legal fight; that he recognized the enormity of his crime, and believed the best way to show contrition was by pleading guilty. He was wisely disappointed in the sentence, and had made up his mind before that ten years would just about pay the bill. He was taken to the Joliet Penitentiary on the following day.

WEARY OF LIFE.

Sad Story of a Beautiful but Fallen Woman's Despair and the Wrongs which Led her to Attempt to Leave a World which Presented no Future but Deeper Degradation and Misery.

DENVER, Col., February 22.—A handsome woman, a woman with a history, attempted to take her own life a few days since, with what success is not at present known. The name under which she is now passing is Frankie Bateman, but the woman's history is necessary to an understanding of the motive which prompted the effort at self-destruction.

Thirty years ago last summer Frankie Letcher was born in a little town in Ohio. Her parents were well-to-do people, her father being a farmer. When Frankie was in her fifteenth year she was sent to a female seminary, Du Paw College, at New Albany, Ind., and while she was attending school at this institution her people, father, mother and four brothers, moved to Atchison, Kansas.

Connected with the academy where Frankie was at school was a gymnasium, where the young ladies were wont to cultivate their strength and develop their physical nature. Frankie became exceedingly fond of the pastime, and was, before leaving the institution, the most proficient gymnast in the entire school. The academic course completed, Frankie went to her new home in Atchison, Kansas, finding that the hand of Providence had rested on her family, and that

PROSPERITY SHONE AROUND THEM.

The old people had a comfortable property in the town, while the brothers were tilling the soil in the surrounding country. Young, intelligent, handsome, Frankie was greatly admired, and was the recipient of a great deal of attention from the young men of the city. This was twelve years ago or more. Frankie had several handsome offers of marriage, but refused them all. She finally made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Bateman, who seduced her, and, clothed in her shame, the unhappy and misguided Frankie left her home. She dwelt happily with Bateman for a while, but they ultimately separated, and Frankie, then thrown upon her own resources, be-thought of her athletic attainments acquired as amusement while at school. She applied to the manager of Forepaugh's show for a position in the arena, and, as Maude White, was soon advertised to do startling feats on the trapeze. Frankie, under an assumed name, followed the life of the sawdust queen for several years. About a year ago Frankie's mother died, and the father having died very soon after Frankie left home, the daughter was summoned to her mother's bedside, and reached there in season for a dying blessing, and to learn that a handsome property had been left her. Last May, soon after her mother's death, Frankie came to Denver as Frankie Bateman. She had rooms at Mrs. Zuhlman's, on Seventeenth street. She met her seducer here, and they lived together for several months, during which time Bateman got in the calaboose, and Frankie

PAWNED HER JEWELRY TO GET HIM OUT.

Bateman left Denver in September and went to Missouri, and then Frankie made the acquaintance of a sporting man of this city, with whom she has since been living, latterly at 359 Larimer street. For several weeks it has been known in the circle wherein the gambler and his mistress move that he was trying to shake her. He left the city some weeks ago and she followed him. Then he returned, and in a few days she also appeared in Denver. Then they went away together, she promising that if he would go to her old home in Atchison and be introduced as her husband that she would take up her residence there. This he did, but he had hardly arrived in Denver when she again returned to him. On her arrival she said her brothers were trying to defraud her out of her property; that the will was being probated and they were undertaking to prove a subsequent intention on the part of the mother to disinherit the daughter. Last week the gambler and Frankie had a quarrel at Perry's Theatre, and she made a savage attack on her paramour, and was afterwards

LODGED IN THE CALABOOSE.

Since that occurrence the gambler has not seen Frankie but once until the morning of her suicidal attempt, when she drove in a carriage to the club-rooms, corner Sixteenth and Larimer streets, and sent the driver for her man. He responded promptly and was told by the woman that she was going to Kansas City; had decided to leave Denver and all she wanted was money to do so with. The gambler readily assented and getting into the carriage they were driven to the Kansas Pacific Depot. Her ticket was purchased and her trunk checked, when just as the train was getting under headway and her man was leaving the sleeper Frankie jumped up and walking after him declared she was not ready to go yet. The two left the train as it pulled out of the depot, and again entering the carriage were driven up-street. It is understood that there was a "scene" in the hack, the man jumping out on the street while the woman was driven to 359 Larimer street.

She then proceeded to Gottlieb's store on Blake street, and purchased a new Forehand revolver, large size. With this Frankie then went to her room, entered and closed the door. A moment after two ladies who live in adjoining rooms heard a pistol report, and, starting for the Bateman woman's room, met her as she opened the door of her room to enter to the hall. The clothing over the breast of the woman was blackened with powder and on fire, and she was

CRYING LOUDLY FOR HELP.

One of the ladies wrapped a shawl around the wounded woman to smother the flames while the other ran for aid. Chief of Police Hickey and Officer Hopkins were near and at once on the scene. They assisted the woman to her bed and sent for Dr. Denison. Examination disclosed the fact that the ball had entered the body just below the apex of the heart, passing clear through the diaphragm, cutting either the lungs or the stomach and coming out just next to the spinal column. The doctor found out the large ball lodged between the woman's body and her corset with a piece of chemise and red flannel undershirt

around it, which had been carried through the body with the ball. The unfortunate and desperate Frankie was placed under the influence of morphine, and at last reports was in a fair way to recover, although it seems almost impossible from the nature of the wound. She was asked why she committed the deed, and replied that she wished to die; she had enough trouble in this world. She said she had no word to leave to friend or relation.

A BLIGHTED HOME.

The Singular Train of Untoward Circumstances that Wrought the Utter Ruin and Disgrace of a once Prosperous and Happy Household.

Shortly before the late war, says a Cincinnati correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader*, a young man of fine appearance came to this city from the east seeking employment in the insurance business. After a good deal of discouraging luck he secured the agency for this city of the *Etna Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.* Here he displayed such fine abilities as an insurance manager that it was not long before he was given the position of general manager of the entire interests of that company in the west. About this time he was attracted by the beautiful form and sprightly ways of a young miss who was employed in a book-binders adjoining his office whom he was accustomed to see pass his office, to and from her work. He was an honorable young man, and he could not think of harming the girl in any way. This love for her became so strong that he resolved to seek her acquaintance, and, if she proved as acceptable upon acquaintance as her appearance indicated she would, he intended to offer her marriage. He easily obtained an opportunity to speak with her, and it was not long before they were married. Though she had not had the advantages of refined society, yet nothing in her conduct would indicate the lack of this experience. Everything seemed to favor the young couple, business with the husband increased rapidly, and

WITH THIS CAME WEALTH.

It was not long before he was regarded as the foremost insurance manager of the west. In fact, so important did his position as manager of the *Etna* become, that the managers of the parent office became envious. It was the old story of the tail wagging the dog, and after fifteen or twenty years' service they sent one of their officials out here unheralded, and he walked into Mr. Bennett's office (for it is J. B. Bennett of whom I am writing), and introduced himself, at the same moment announcing that he, Mr. B., could no longer act as their western manager. No satisfactory reason was given for the removal, and it is very evident that it was done through fear of Mr. Bennett's power and influence among western men. It was probably thought that if time was given Mr. B. before his resignation should be tendered he would succeed in carrying with him to some other company the cream of the western custom of the *Etna*. Mr. B. removed to another city, and is, I understand, still engaged in the insurance business, and displays, as of old, the greatest energy and tact in carrying out his schemes; but to go back. When wealth was showered in upon the young couple they endeavored to secure a foothold in the upper ten, but were never very successful, owing to the fact that the young wife had formerly worked for a living. Perhaps, if the woman had been received and treated as a sister woman by some of our "high and mighty" ladies at that time, she would not have

FALLEN TO THE DEPTHS SHE DID.

But she was looked down upon, treated with indifference, if not with scorn, and, notwithstanding that she possessed for a home one of the finest mansions, with a surrounding park, that can be found in Clifton, yet few, if any, of those aristocratic houses were open to her, and none of their inmates could be numbered among her friends. After some years of this experience, meeting with continued rebuffs, the wife began to feel keenly her position. Her husband was so continually occupied with business duties that he had but little leisure to give to home demands, and soon many scandalous stories began to circulate regarding the habits of the wife. It was said she drank to excess. She was receiving the attention of disreputable actors during her husband's absence; was seen in their company at the city restaurants at a late hour at night, decidedly under the influence of liquor. When her children reached their teens they were reproached by their school-mates. Emma Bennett, who recently shot herself in a baigno in St. Louis was her eldest daughter—a fine-looking child, with good impulses, when she attended school at Mount Auburn, it was said

SHE HAD NO INTIMATES.

She strove earnestly to get an education; when coming home and finding her mother recovering from one of her drinking spells, would fall upon her knees and beg her to let liquor alone, cease disgracing them as she was doing, and so conduct herself that her children might not receive insults that were daily heaped upon them on her account. There is no doubt this girl realized their situation, and used her best endeavors to save the family from ruin; but all to no purpose. The mother grew from bad to worse; would spend days in houses of ill-fame; the husband had her confined in the insane asylum, but after the effects of her debauch had disappeared the authorities could not refuse her demand that she be released. The home was finally broken up, the daughter having evidently in despair abandoned all efforts to reform her mother, and finding herself shunned on all sides, resolved to follow in her mother's footsteps. The father could not endure the disgrace and left for a distant city, where he procured a divorce from the wretched wife and mother and

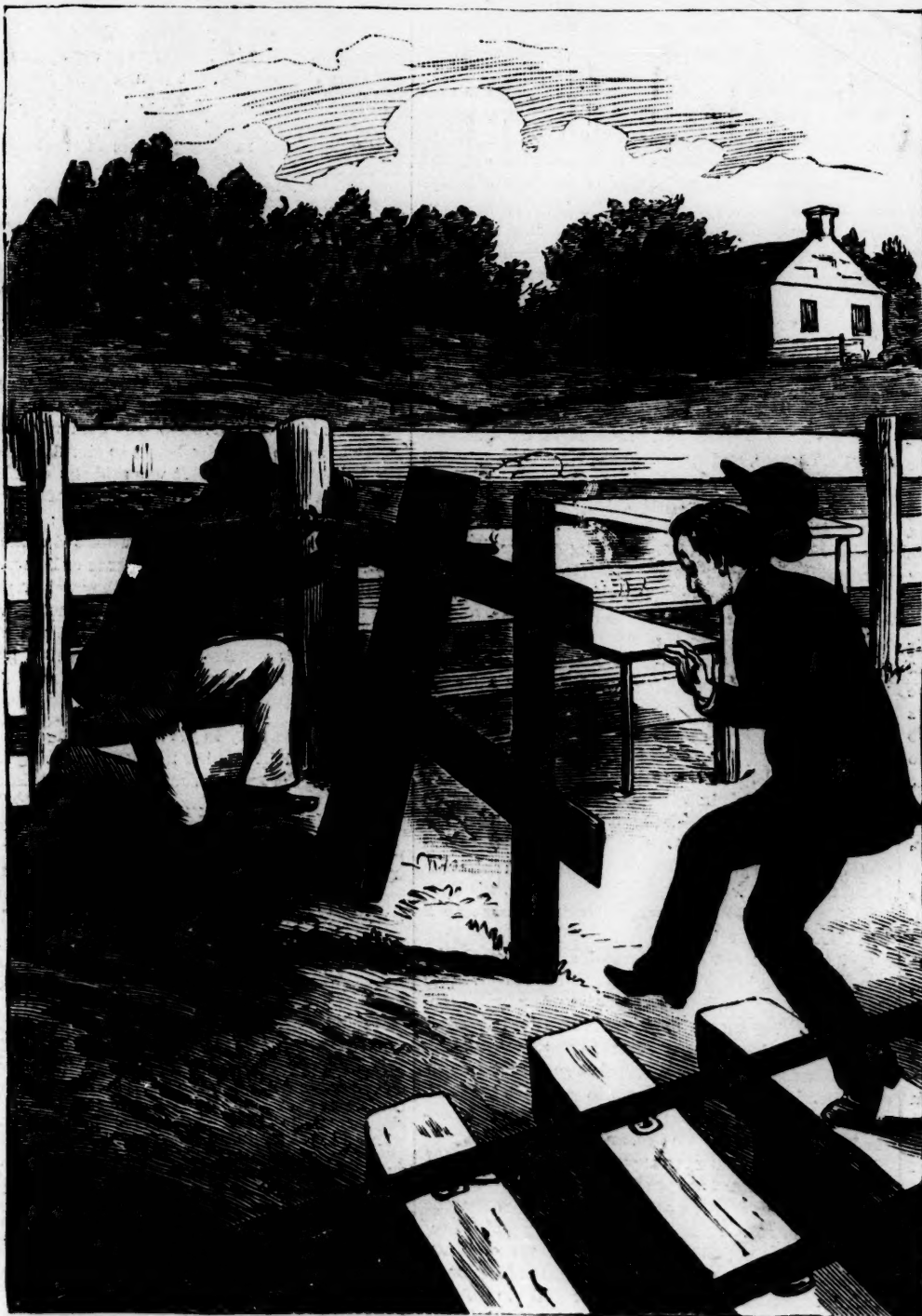
RENOUNCED HIS CHILDREN.

I learn he has married again. The daughter became in turn the mistress of several well-known young men about town, some of whom were acquaintances of her school-girl days. At a ball she met a worthless fellow who lived in Chicago and upon a few days' acquaintanceship married him. She lived in Chicago a year or so, when, being abandoned by her new husband, she went to St. Louis, where, after a season of dissipation, she shot herself, as before stated.

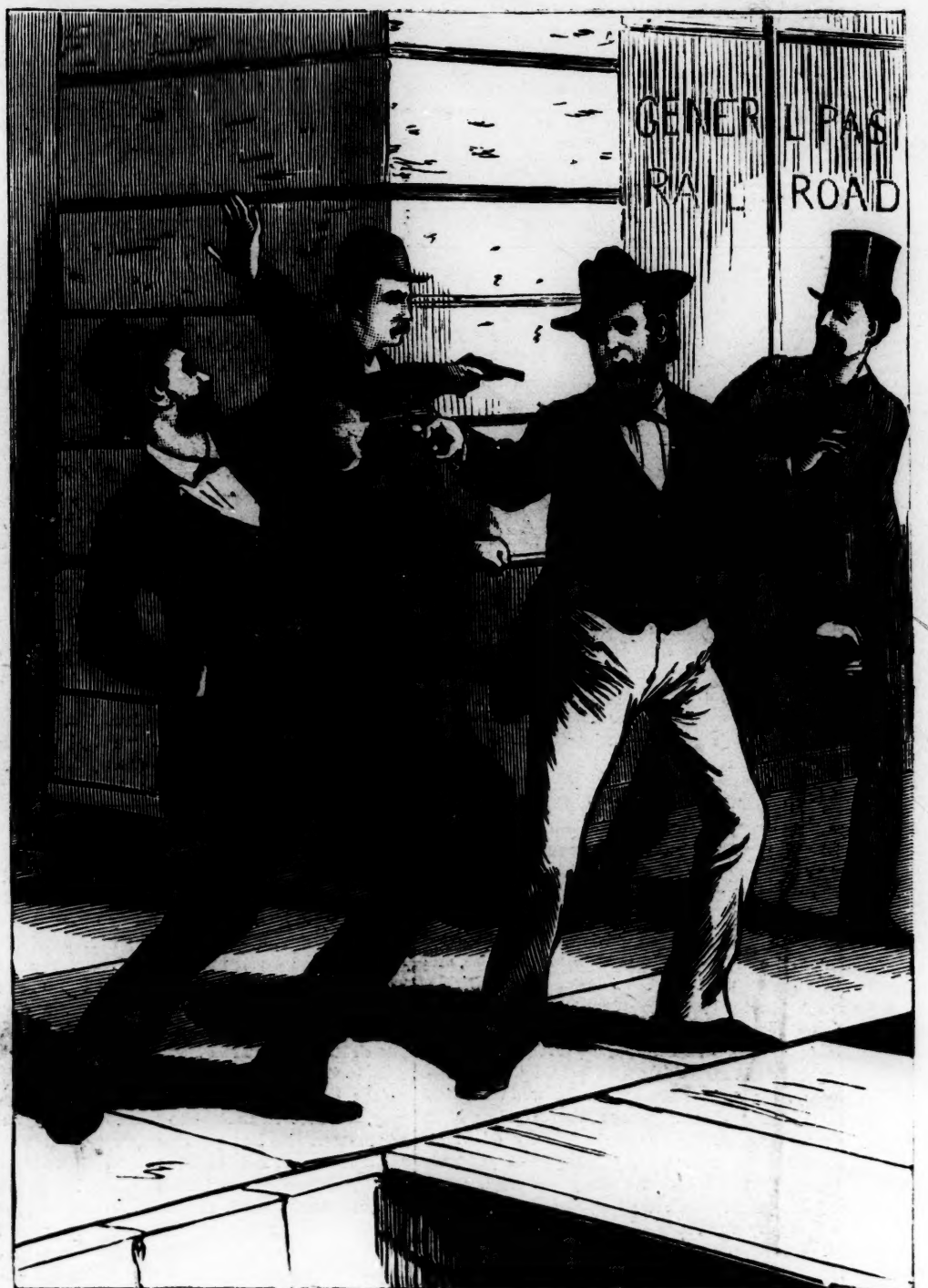
A son of Bennett, Walter by name, married a woman of easy virtue, and to-day I notice that his wife was arrested in Madam Butler's house of ill-fame on Longworth street upon a charge of vagrancy. There are several lessons that might be learned from the history of this family, but it is not necessary for me to point them out, your readers are not obtuse.



HORRIFYING SCENE AT THE EXECUTION OF THE NEGRO RAPE FIEND, SELF-STYLED GEORGE WASHINGTON, IN LOUISVILLE, KY., FEBRUARY 21ST.—THE ROPE BREAKS AS THE TRAP IS SPRUNG, AND THE MISCREANT FALLS, WITH A BROKEN NECK, TO THE GROUND.—SEE PAGE 11.



MR. HOWARD HOLTZCLAW, TICKET AGENT AT WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., AMBUSHED, MURDERED AND ROBBED, ON HIS WAY HOME. AT NIGHT, BY THE NEGRO WILLIAMS.—SEE PAGE 5.



DESPERATE AND FATAL STREET AFFRAY BETWEEN PASSENGER AGENT HOWELL, HIS BROTHER AND A. T. WIMBERLY, IN FRONT OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 5.



HARLEM'S SUNDAY TRAGEDY—JOHN SCHNETZER, A GERMAN BUTCHER, IS SET UPON BY A NUMBER OF ITALIANS AND STABBED TO DEATH BY ONE OF THE PARTY, IN REVENGE FOR A FANCIED AFFRONT, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.



MISS MATTIE JONES, IN ATTEMPTING TO RESCUE HER SISTER FROM THE VIOLENCE OF AN INTOXICATED AND BOISTEROUS VISITOR, ASSAULTS HIM WITH A POKER WITH DEADLY EFFECT, NEAR DALTON, GA.—SEE PAGE 5.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

As Exhibited in the Case of Merrimon,
the Rum-Crazed Nashville Mur-
der Maniac,

AND A SCORE OF WORTHY COMPEERS.

SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

At Jackson, Breathitt county, Ky., on the 22nd ult., Alfonso Gambrell was sentenced for life in the penitentiary for the murder of Judge Burnett in November last.

AN AMERICAN'S UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE.

Myron H. Taylor, a citizen of the United States and a painter by trade, was dangerously stabbed on the night of the 24th ult., at a masquerade ball in the Tacon Theatre, Havana, Cuba.

VERDICT OF SELF-DEFENSE.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., February 22.—On the 22nd, after three days' preliminary examination, H. L. Maylock, the youth who shot and killed Bird Low at a dance on the night of the 12th, was released. It appears that the deed was done in self-defense, Low having persistently flourished a pocket-knife in spite of Maylock's twice-repeated warning.

A FATAL FEUD.

CENTREVILLE, Iowa, February 23.—Last night a young man named Elkberry was shot and instantly killed at Caldwell, eight miles southeast of here, by Buchanan Worthington, a son of Dr. W. P. Worthington, of that place. Both were under twenty years of age. The shooting was the ending of an old feud. Worthington was arrested.

WOODED HIM WITH A PISTOL.

DETROIT, Mich., February 23.—Warren N. Draper, of Pontiac, was shot last evening by Minnie Stevens, of the Detroit demi-monde, as he was passing the corner of Woodbridge and Randolph streets. He had been her favorite but had undertaken to shake her, and she took this method of coaxing him back to her allegiance. The bullet took effect in the head, but whether it will prove a fatal wound or not remains to be seen.

A HUSBAND SLAYER'S CASE.

GALESBURG, Ill., February 23.—Judge Pleasants, in the circuit court yesterday, decided to grant the motion for continuance in the Spaulding murder case, and to admit the prisoner to bail in \$5,000. The prisoner was immediately released from the jail, where she has been confined just seven months to-day, charged with the shooting of her divorced husband, Martin O'Connor. She was sent to the residence of her mother in this city.

SHOCKING WIFE MURDER.

WILMINGTON, Del., February 26.—Thomas Lomax, living near Belair, Harford county, Md., quarrelled with his wife on Monday at noon and struck her on the head with a hammer, fracturing her skull, causing a fatal wound. Lomax is an Englishman. After committing the deed he remained about the neighborhood all day without an attempt being made to arrest him. On Tuesday he fled, and has not yet been captured. He admitted before his flight having struck her.

SANGUINARY AFFRAY IN A BAGNIO.

CINCINNATI, O., February 24.—About half past six o'clock last evening a general row occurred in a house of ill-fame, kept by Madame Florence, on Longworth street, between a party of roystering young men from Newport, and a young man named Lawrence Orr. A knife in the hands of one of the Kentuckians cut an ugly gash in Orr's shoulder, and his under lip was nearly severed from his face. His assailants were not arrested. Orr was removed to his home, very weak from the loss of blood.

THE BAY SHORE MURDER.

The inquest on the body of Hannah Johnson, the colored woman who was murdered in her house, at Bay Shore, L. I., was concluded by Coroner Preston at three o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to her death by pistol shot wounds inflicted by her husband on the morning of February 9th. District Attorney Petty offered a reward for the arrest of Johnson, who, the officers reported was hidden in Oyster Bay, awaiting an opportunity to cross the Sound.

BANK ROBBED IN DAYLIGHT.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., February 26.—The Duval Savings Bank was robbed to-day about two o'clock of \$3,500. A man drove up in front of the bank and called out President Abbott, the only person in the bank. The stranger engaged Mr. Abbott a few minutes in conversation while a confederate entered by a side door and took the money from a drawer. Chief of Police Rawson arrested a man on suspicion and found \$800 on his person. The prisoner has made a confession. Two other arrests have been made.

THE KENTUCKY DESPERADOES.

Jason Little and other convicted prisoners of Breathitt county, Ky., made a desperate attempt to escape from jail on the night before their departure for the penitentiary. They had cut through the floor of their cell to the room below, from which they could easily have effected their escape had the plan worked to suit them. They had arranged with friends outside to engage in a sham fight on the opposite side of the jail when they were to make their escape, but the prisoners were discovered in the lower room, and Judge Jackson ordered them to be put in irons.

CAPTURE OF A BRUTAL MURDERER.

Jim Barr, the Irish desperado who killed "Shorty" Pollock, the tallest printer in the United States, at Mrs. Starchman's house of prostitution, in Bellefontaine, O., on Sunday morning, February 16th, as narrated in the preceding issue of the GAZETTE, was cap-

tured in the woods near the hamlet of Cherokee, O., on the morning of the 22nd. He had been lying in the woods, cold and hungry, since the murder, without anything to eat or money to buy it. Barr denied the murder, but the evidence of an eye-witness is direct and conclusive, the deed being one of the foulest and most deliberate on record.

THE DEED OF A DASTARD.

SHERMAN, Texas, February 25.—Another dastardly and cowardly assassination took place on the 22nd, eight miles southeast from here. The body of a young man named Blake was found three hundred yards from the residence of his mother, Mrs. Marshall. It showed marks of fearful violence, Blake having evidently been clubbed to death. The murder occurred at night, the victim having walked out from the house, the murderer or murderers waiting for him. A man named John Marshall is suspected to be the murderer, having been the husband of Blake's mother. He was divorced a short time ago. There was a family disagreement.

A BRUTAL BLACK ASSASSIN.

PETERSBURG, Va., February 26.—A peculiarly atrocious murder was perpetrated last Sunday afternoon near Jarrett's Depot, in Sussex county, by a negro named Anderson Mason. His victim was a white youth named Richard Hales, seventeen years of age. Hales had a quarrel about a dog belonging to Mason with Mason's wife, who told her husband about it. Mason then went to see Hales and another quarrel ensued between them. Mason was not satisfied, and went to Hales' house a second time, carrying a sharp butcher's knife. On reaching Hales' house the negro assaulted him, and when Hales fled he pursued, stabbed and killed him, despite the helpless condition of the lad. The murderer escaped, and nothing is known of his whereabouts. There is great excitement and threats of lynching.

A MURDER REVEALED.

ATLANTA, Ga., February 25.—At three o'clock this morning, in the office of the coal-yard which was burned, the body of Henry Tey, colored, was found roasted. It was supposed at first that Tey was drunk and left a fire in the stove, which caught in the office. Strange developments, however, were made later. Tey's skull was found to be fractured, and there were blood marks on the floor. A piece of a hand-saw was found on it was found near the door. A gentleman residing near says he saw the door open after the fire caught, the negro rushed out and cry "Fire!" and afterward some man cried, "Dent, open the door," and disappeared. The general belief is that Tey was murdered, and that the murderer burned the house over his body to escape detection. Great excitement exists among the negroes. Detectives are at work on the case.

CURIOUS MURDER TRIAL.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., February 24.—The evidence in the trial of Rannels, for the murder of John Radcliff, was concluded on the 22nd. The witnesses were mostly medical experts, who were present at the coroner's inquest, and made an examination of the body of the deceased. Dr. Blackstone testified that he saw no evidence of violence whatever, and that the holes in the neck, supposed to have been made with bullets, were, in his opinion, made by the hogs. Dr. Hendricks testified that he could find nothing that would indicate violence, and that Radcliff might have met his death from natural or accidental causes. Several witnesses testify to the fact that Radcliff was in the habit of wearing his shirt open in front, and that he frequently placed his hand over his left side, as if in pain. Dr. Green testified that this action on the part of the deceased would indicate palpitation of the heart. Public opinion seems to be turning in favor of the prisoner.

TRAGEDY IN A GAMBLING HELL.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., February 22.—The following are the particulars of the killing of Billy Davis, a well-known sporting character and gambler, at Pine Bluff, Ark., last night. Robert J. Derry, a deputy sheriff, shot and killed William H. Davis. Both parties were matching money at the bar of O'Connell's saloon. Davis won freely, whereupon Derry accused him of swindling. Davis denied the charge, and both started for the faro bank in the rear of the same building. Upon reaching the door they again began to quarrel. Davis entered the room and sat down at the table. Derry stepped up within a few feet, drew a revolver, and, firing, missed Davis, striking Lon Mast, but fortunately glancing off on some coin in his vest pocket. Derry then fired twice, shooting Davis through the head. Davis attempted to run, but fell to the floor. Derry again shot, killing him instantly. Derry escaped.

GOLD AND GORE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 26.—A despatch to the *Avant* from Iuka, Miss., gives the following account of a double murder perpetrated near that city yesterday: Major A. M. Hutchens, accompanied by Thomas McNatt, both highly respected citizens of this county, left Iuka together in the afternoon to go home, being neighbors. Hutchens had drawn \$1,700 in gold from the express office, sent by a Cincinnati house to be used in purchasing a farm. Late in the evening McNatt's horse reached home riderless, with blood, marks on the saddle. This aroused the suspicions of McNatt's family, who feared foul play, and a search was instituted which revealed the dead body of McNatt terribly mutilated about two miles from his home. One hundred yards further on Major Hutchens' body was found in like condition. It is thought that some parties who knew of the gold being at the express office, waylaid and murdered both men in order to secure the money.

YOUR LIFE OR MINE.

STANTON, Tenn., February 24.—A horrible murder occurred about nine o'clock on the night of the 21st, at a tie camp in the Hatchie Bottom, in which Joe Ousley lost his life at the hands of Frank Johnson. The murder originated from a trivial matter. Four men were sleeping on pallets in front of the fire-place. Ousley commenced quarreling with Johnson as to his taking up too much room, and wanting him to move. Johnson did so, but Ousley was not satisfied. Getting up, he remarked, "I will cut and shoot you." Johnson made some remark in reply. In return Ousley

called him a hard name. Johnson said, "Joe, I can't take that." Ousley started for his overcoat, which contained his pistol; Johnson picked up an ax, and, just as Ousley got his pistol, struck him just under and in front of the right shoulder, burying the ax to the eye in the body of Ousley. The blood poured forth in torrents over the walls and door of the rude shanty, presenting a horrible and sickening spectacle. Johnson left and has not yet been captured, but parties are in pursuit of him.

TERRIBLE RUM TRAGEDY.

A horrible murder occurred in the suburbs of Nashville, Tenn., at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th ult. Thomas Merrimon was intoxicated early that morning, and, after brutally beating his wife, went to the house of Morris Osborn, his father-in-law, where his daughter was stopping. He asked for his daughter Carrie, whom he said he wanted to come out before the muzzle of his shot-gun. Fearing he would kill her she refused obedience to his request. Mrs. Caroline Osborn, his mother-in-law, came to the door, however, and told him not to do that way. At that moment he placed the gun within three feet of her abdomen, and, before she had time to retreat into the house, fired, filling her groin with slugs. She fell upon her head out of the door a corpse. Turning immediately upon her husband Merrimon said to him: "Don't you say a word, for if you do I will kill you." Deceased was sixty years old. Merrimon fled through the large canebrakes ten miles distant. A Sheriff's posse went in pursuit of him. The neighborhood was greatly excited and incensed at the murderer, who was threatened with Lynch law. Later the same night Merrimon was arrested at the house of his son-in-law, nine miles from Nashville. He asserted that the gun was accidentally discharged.

THE CASE OF HUNTER'S ACCOMPLICE.

The room of the Supreme Court in Trenton, N. J., was crowded on the morning of the 25th ult. by a large number of lawyers from all sections of the state to hear the expected argument pro and con in the case of Thomas Graham, the confessed accomplice of Benjamin Hunter in the murder in Camden of John M. Armstrong, the Philadelphia music typographer, who was lured to Camden by Hunter and then beaten to death with a hammer and hatchet. It was Graham's testimony that convicted Hunter, who expiated his crime on the 10th of January, in the Camden County Court House. The case was opened by Attorney General Stockton, who briefly referred to the murder, the arrest of Graham as the accessory, the want of necessary evidence to retain both Hunter and Graham, and the prompt admission of guilt by Graham, who was a mere cat's paw in the hands of Hunter, the principal, who was alone to be benefited by the death of Armstrong. The Attorney General claimed that the state, by accepting the evidence of Graham, was bound not to prosecute, because the same testimony furnished by Graham against Hunter would have to be used against him. Considerable surprise was created by the absence of Prosecutor Jenkins, and no reply was made to the Attorney General's argument. The Court took the papers offered by the Attorney General and reserved its decision.

UNEARTHLY A BLOODY MYSTERY.

DES MOINES, Iowa, February 25.—In 1874 a German farmer, a bachelor, who lived alone about twelve miles from the city, named Henry Maitland, was murdered. A neighbor, who noticed no smoke coming from his chimney in the morning, went to the house, and found the door open and his dead body lying on the floor, pierced with three bullet holes. He was known to have nearly \$2,000 in gold and silver in his house. Traces of blood were found about thirty feet from the door, indicating he had been aroused in the night, and, going out to ascertain the cause, was shot and dragged into the house. A thorough search about the premises failed to disclose any money about the premises or on his person. That morning one of his horses were found loose in the outskirts of the city with the saddle on, and near by, a revolver. Some of his gold was distributed in the city. Afterward various parties were under suspicion, and two are now in the penitentiary—one for a murder committed the next night at Newton, Jasper county. Recent developments have resulted in the arrest of Isaac and Rely Walters and Alfred Hicks, who were thrashing grain for Maitland the day before the murder. It is reported Maitland's watch, now in the city, can be traced directly to one of the gang, and other articles to others. They were arraigned here on the 22nd, waived examination, and put under bond to appear before the Grand Jury. It is said the evidence of guilt is conclusive.

A SISTER'S FEROCIOUS HATE.

Shocking Case of Brutality to which the Innocent Girl-Victim of a Brother-in-Law's Lust was Subjected.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., February 22.—In a neat brick cottage at 64 Jefferson street, in this city, two corpses were lying to-day, ready for burial. One was that of a babe which came into the world two days ago—a child of shame that did not live to see the light. The other was that of the babe's mother, who, strange as it may seem, was barely fourteen years old at the time of her death. The cold, lifeless bodies were silent evidence of most inhuman crime—of outrages against natural laws, so brutal that they have become the one absorbing topic of town talk. Mr. Miller, the father of the dead girl, is a laborer in a smelting furnace in the suburbs of the city. He is a German, not over intelligent, but frugal and honest, and he has always borne a good reputation among the other residents of Jefferson street. His wife died about a year ago and left him a little son and daughter, Mary, then a bright, rosy-cheeked girl of thirteen. His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, had been married nine or ten years before, and she came with her five children and her husband, Joseph Alfes.

TO LIVE AT HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

Alfes was also a German. He was a man somewhat below medium height, with black hair and eyes, and a face that was expressive both of ignorance and laziness.

He was fond of spending his time in lager-beer saloons. Occasionally he worked at the same furnace where his father-in-law was employed. His wife was in a delicate state of health, and four months after she came to live at her father's house she gave birth to another child. During her illness Alfes was lounging around the house a good deal of the time.

Mary Miller was a robust girl and well grown for her age, and she was kept home from school to perform the housework. Although fond of playing out of doors with the other children of the street, she was kept in the house and made familiar with a great deal of drudgery. She had to prepare the family meals, wash and iron clothes and run of errands for her sister. The hardships which she endured were not all known to the neighbors who learned to pity her. Last fall she began to suffer from a trouble which her sister could not account for, and of the nature of which the poor child herself was ignorant. Dr. A. B. Harvey was called to attend her, and soon became

CONVINCED THAT SHE WAS ENCEINTE.

When told that her little sister was about to become a mother, Mrs. Alfes at once suspected her husband of having committed the wrong, and on questioning Mary learned that her suspicions were true. Instead of taking pity on her sister, and blaming her husband, Mrs. Alfes appeared to be possessed with a spirit of hatred towards the unfortunate girl. She compelled her to work harder than ever, and kept her in the house out of sight of her former playmates. She scolded her, and often beat her unmercifully without cause. When any of the neighbors called, Mrs. Alfes would compel Mary to go up-stairs to the garret, and would lock her in a cold room, to keep any one from discovering the condition of the child. During the winter the sufferings which Mary experienced at the hands of her inhuman sister can be more easily imagined than described. Strange to say, Mr. Miller did not discover the state of his youngest daughter's health, or learn of the cruel treatment she was receiving. He was away from the house much of the time, and Mary bore her sorrows uncomplainingly. Mrs. Alfes had threatened her with greater violence if she dared to tell her father or any one else that Alfes had wronged her. So the poor girl suffered in silence growing more and more conscience day by day of the terrible

SHAME THAT WAS HANGING OVER HER.

Meanwhile Alfes and his wife were making preparations to leave the city before his crime would be brought to light by the regular course of nature. He sold a part of the furniture belonging to them, and saved all the money that he could get, in order to take his family to Kansas, where he hoped to find employment on a farm. Some of the furniture was moved out of the house a week ago last Wednesday. While the wagon was standing at the door, and several persons loitering about, curious to know the cause of the moving, Mary Miller came out on the steps. Her condition at that time was such that an observer might have known it by her appearance if he could have brought himself to believe that such a mere child could be a mother. Mrs. Alfes also came to the door, and seeing her sister standing in view of persons on the street, she flew into a violent passion. Raising her hand, she struck Mary with her fist full in the face, and knocked her down upon the floor of the hall. The door then closed suddenly, and the sound of blows, accompanied by half-smothered sobs, were heard. From that hour Mary was never seen by any of the neighbors, until she was found lying on her bed.

FROM WHICH SHE NEVER ROSE AGAIN.

One week ago, on Saturday, when the arrangements had been completed for the departure of the Alfes family to the west, Mrs. Alfes went to a Catholic priest in town and told him the condition of her sister. She was careful to keep from him the fact of her husband's crime, however, and she begged him to use his influence with her father not to allow any knowledge of the family disgrace to be made known. The same evening she told her father that the priest wished to see him and had something of great importance to communicate. When Mr. Miller learned of his daughter's disgrace, he was completely broken down with sorrow and shame. He did not suspect his son-in-law, however, and the latter took hasty measures to get out of the way. Late on Sunday evening he left the house with his wife and children, and was soon on the way to Kansas. Their departure was not made too soon for their safety. Mary Miller had already been taken seriously ill, and the German woman who had been engaged by Mr. Miller to take care of her found her suffering so much that she had Dr. Harvey called. The physician discovered that the girl had caught a severe cold, which had produced pneumonia. Mary told her nurse that her cold was the result of being kept in the garret

WITHOUT FIRE OR SUFFICIENT CLOTHING.

The effect of the pneumonia was to bring on premature labor, and on Wednesday night, while suffering indescribable torments, Mary was delivered of a still-born child. Her sufferings continued to increase, until they produced unconsciousness and death last evening. Before her death she gave to the woman who attended her an account of the treatment she had received from Alfes. While her sister was ill eight months ago, she said, Alfes approached her one day while they were alone, and made improper proposals. She refused to listen to his words, and he then laid hold of her and succeeded in accomplishing his base designs by force. He threatened her with instant death if she dared to betray him, and he afterward worked on her fears to compel her to yield to his desires. Even after the discovery of her condition she said Alfes persisted in his assaults upon her with knowledge of his wife. The body of the unfortunate girl and that of her babe will be buried in one grave to-day. Her father is prostrated with grief, and much indignation against Alfes and his wife is expressed. Efforts will be made to bring them back to Poughkeepsie as prisoners, in which event, it is alleged, that Alfes will be charged with rape, and that both he and his wife will be charged with having caused the death of Mary Miller by cruel treatment.

A FITTING FAREWELL

To a Brutal Black, so Black, Morally as
Well, that he will Lose Nothing by
Comparison with

THE DARKEST DENIZENS

Of the Torrid Locality where he has Doubt-
less Brought up, Notwithstanding his
Late-Born Repentance for

HIS SOUL-SICKENING CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 21.—To-day George Washington, the negro rapist, expiated his horrible crime on the scaffold. He had been notorious as a thief long before he committed the deed for which his life has paid the forfeit, and has served a term in the Penitentiary at Frankfort. The outrage for which he was executed was so hideous in its details that a jury decided—and the community approved the decision—that death alone could be a fitting punishment. His victim, Frances Otte, is a bright, intelligent little German girl, about eleven years of age, healthy and rosy-looking, and in manner pretty and attractive.

He confessed nothing, speaking pleasantly to all who addressed him. His last request was that physicians who had promised their aid in restoring life after hanging be given his body. The Catholic priests present used their influence to the last to prevent this, and it was generally supposed they had gained their point. Washington, however, preferred the belief his ignorance gave him that the physicians would restore his life to the certainty of being blessed with religion. At a quarter to eleven A. M., Sheriff Hamilton asked if all was ready and signaled to the deputy in the box, when the rope was cut which held the drop and Washington was shot downward for four feet, and, with a vicious snap, the slender cord broke and the culprit lay upon his back in the mud beneath the scaffold. An exclamation of horror broke from those on the scaffold and

THE GREAT CROWD YELLED.

Quickly as possible he was brought up again in the arms of the sheriff's assistants and laid on the platform, the Fathers rapidly repeating prayers as the physicians felt his pulse to know if he were yet dead. The neck was broken and only slight pulsation was found.

Great difficulty was experienced in removing the noose, and during the attempt to do so a brute in the crowd yelled, "Cut his throat!" Finally the rope was removed, the drop readjusted, a new three-quarter inch rope put in its place, and, held up by the officers, the already half dead man was again put upon the drop, the noose readjusted, and at a quarter to twelve A. M., the drop fell a second time, and George Washington swung between heaven and earth, paying the penalty of his great crime. At the expiration of the first minute his pulse was six, and soon ceased. At five minutes past twelve P. M., he was dead, but owing to the failure of the undertaker to appear, the body was allowed to remain hanging about twenty minutes, being cut down about twenty-five minutes past twelve. The crowd yelled and shrieked as he was dropped the second time, and clamored loudly for pieces of the rope, while no efforts could keep them from the scaffold, which swayed back and forth from the pressure

AS IF ABOUT TO FALL EACH MOMENT.

Turnkey Graff says that Washington told him a few days since that he had dreamed that the rope would break three times before he would die. It was a dream not unexpected from a man in his position, but the breaking once was sufficient to horrify every man of any sensibility in the crowd.

On the evening of Saturday, October 19, last, Frances Otte, the daughter of a thrifty German couple, whose residence is on the eastern edge of the city limits of Louisville, left home to seek several cows in an adjacent pasture. It was her habit to do so every afternoon, and upon this occasion she went forth with unusual gaiety, singing and playing with pebbles and shrubs on the route. The day had been bright and beautiful, and perhaps was not equalled in its splendor during the Indian summer of last season in this section. During the several days preceding October 17 two negroes had called at Mr. Otte's house and begged for bread, one of the twain stating that he recently left the Penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky., and, being dogged by the police, found employment an impossibility. Mr. and Mrs. Otte gave them food on several occasions, until at last their frequent visits became a nuisance, and, having discovered them, with some companions, holding an orgie over his victuals and playing dice by the light of a candle stuck in the earth one evening, Mr. Otte

BADE THEM COME NO MORE.

The game in question is of negro origin and they alone can play it. For them it has a fascination of the strongest nature, and no white man was ever called on four aces with more regret than these sable devotees of dice see a fortunate fellow throw a winning dice. The game is played entirely with dice, and the ante agreed upon, which is very small, is lumped into a "pot," the highest throw winning the aggregate amount. Negroes in the southwest play this game very generally; but those who are its warmest friends are seldom good for aught else. This Mr. Otte knew, and determined, therefore, to no longer give his visitors food. Upon the evening in question little Frances Otte, who was then a child of eleven years, was entering the central part of the pasture alluded to, when, to her great astonishment, the two negroes she had noticed around the house of her parents suddenly confronted her. A feeling akin to fear had come over her but a moment before and she was singing a nursery rhyme to shake it off, as it

were, when the black fellows appeared before her. Her alarm was so great that she could not speak nor try to escape. The negroes seized the trembling child, and, throwing her upon the ground, an outrage followed. One of the scoundrels held the little girl by her long brown hair, her screams, the look of terror in her eyes as she placed them on his,

FINDING NO MERCY IN RETURN.

To accomplish the part he had determined to play, the other negro was compelled to use a knife. The child fainted, and when consciousness had again returned each had executed his design.

The child dragged herself home as best she could and told her parents the crime committed. Father and son started in pursuit of the negroes and a score of men joined in their aid. They failed to find them that night. Next morning, Sunday, the search was kept up, mounted police from the city joining the father's volunteers. During the day the black scoundrels were often heard of but never seen by this party. The country for miles around was alarmed and hundreds were on the lookout for the criminals. One of them, he who had first committed the outrage, was George Washington, the other was unknown. On Sunday, J. A. Hamilton, a Louisville officer, who previously arrested Washington, joined the pursuing posse. The same day he espied the two negroes. Lieutenant Stoller was with Hamilton wearing citizen's clothes. They were enabled to come within shooting distance before being recognized. When they were recognized the negroes fled in opposite directions, the two officers, however, both making for Washington,

AT WHOM THEY EMPLOYED THEIR RIFLES.

Washington ran with fearful speed, hopping over logs and large pieces of stone with wonderful agility. The firing brought others to the scene, the pursuers rushing to the road-side singly, in twos, threes and fours. Washington picked up pieces of stone as he ran, and the moment a man made ready to fire on him threw them at his gun with remarkable precision. He ran the gauntlet almost without a single turn from a straight path until he saw before him a party of four, with young Otte, a brother of the child he had outraged, at its head. Redoubling his exertions, he made off in another direction, but the brother's aim was upon him, and the quick crack of his rifle, followed by the negro's tottering, showed that he fired with effect. His companions fled also, but Washington, who had almost stopped, again sped on. They saw him no more, but during the day picked up a bloody coat marked with four bullet-holes. Several days passed, and nothing more was heard of the two negroes. On Thursday, information was received by the authorities of Jeffersonville, Ind., a town opposite Louisville, that two negroes, similar to Washington and his companion, had made an unsuccessful attempt to commit an outrage four miles from the Ohio River bank. Louisville parties went over to Indiana, and Washington, with his companion, having been caught in the meantime, brought them to Louisville. The heinous nature of the crime stirred up all Louisville, and the day after his incarceration Washington could hear the yells of a mob before his prison

BAYING LIKE HOUNDS FOR HIS BLOOD.

The presence of the white-haired father of the child in the crowd was the signal for renewed demonstration; but the parent asked the people to disperse. "Let the law have its way; he is guilty and he will be punished," said the old man, and the populace dispersed. Washington was convicted and sentenced to be hanged to-day. At the trial, the child testified. Her appearance excited much sympathy. From a healthy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little child, she had been transformed into one with a face of ashen paleness, her eyes were sunken and she was a little wreck. Washington was placed among a dozen other negroes.

"Can you point out the prisoner?" asked the Court.

"Yes," spoke the child, in accents that rang out through the entire court-room, "this is the black dog; this is the dog we gave victuals; he is the man who did it."

Washington's companion in crime was Charles Webster. His trial is yet to take place. Washington is as black as ebony, and bears signs of the brute in every part of his body. His age is not known, but he is not yet out of his twenties.

Recaptured Jail Birds.

[With Portrait.]

In Richmond, Va., on October 25th last, John Maloney and John Fox, with one Redden, were sentenced to the penitentiary. Pending their departure for that institution they were confined in jail, and, by a little sharp practice on the jailer, managed to make their escape just a month from that date. When he supposed that he was locking them up for the night they were spending the evening in an unoccupied cell next to the wall. He was no sooner out of their way than they proceeded to dig a hole through the wall, which admitted them to freedom. Maloney and Redden were sent to the penitentiary for five years each, and Fox for three. Their crime was an attempt to rob Judge Marshall while he was stopping at a hotel. They were caught in the attempt, and readily convicted. The laws of the state make it an offense which secures at least five years' incarceration.

Fox and Maloney made their way to Chicago, and there the police finally got on their track. On the afternoon of the 19th ult. Detective Shea of that city discovered Fox, whose portrait appears elsewhere, in company with some other hard characters, in a saloon. When he saw the officer Fox endeavored to escape. Shea commanded him to halt but as he kept on Shea fired and brought him down, the ball inflicting a severe wound below the hip. Maloney, his pal, was captured the same night by Detective Scott, and the two recaptured jail birds, were taken back to Richmond in charge of officers from that city, who had come on for the purpose of escorting them.

At Titusville, Pa., on the night of the 21st ult., in a drunken altercation in a drug store, George Vander-vaker fatally stabbed Abe Keck

DARK DEEDS UNVEILED.

Startling Revelations of a Series of Mysterious Indiana Murders, which have Baffled Detection until the Remorse of "Moll" Durer, an Abandoned Woman, Impels her to Tell the Hideous Story of Hidden Crimes in which she Participated.

After a lapse of over two years some startling revelations have been made in regard to several cold-blooded and mysterious murders that were perpetrated in the state of Indiana, of which brief mention was made in the preceding issue of the GAZETTE, and they come from the lips of a young woman who now freely acknowledges to the world that she took an active part in the participation of these dreadful crimes. These confessions have been made by Mary Durer, or "Moll Durer," as she is generally called, who, notwithstanding her life of debauchery and exposure, is still a good-looking woman. One of the series of murders which shocked the western country—accounts of which at the time were published throughout the land—was that of Isaac Newland, a resident of Maysville, in Springfield county, Indiana, where he kept a store, and near which place he owned a farm. He was forty-five years of age, and had lived in that section of the country twenty-one years, when he was murdered in cold blood

FOR THE PURPOSE OF ROBBERY.

It appears that on September 12, 1876, Mr. Newland went to Fort Wayne to attend a fair, having when he left home about \$300 in his pockets. During the stay he visited several establishments and expended most of his money in purchasing goods, and started homeward by train in the evening. He left the train at Woodburn, whence he had six miles to walk to reach home. Part of this walk was by a lonely path through the woods, and it was there that his lifeless body was found on the following morning. The ground about was somewhat torn, giving evidence that the poor man had made a fearful struggle for life. Though \$1,000 reward was offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderers no clue was found which could possibly lead to the identification except two black masks which were lying near the body, and the authorities at length gave up the search. Recently there appeared in Fort Wayne "Moll" Durer, who was known as the familiar associate and companion for years of the vilest and most desperate characters in the city. She was believed by the officers to have locked in her bosom scores of guilty secrets concerning dark doings in the purlieus of Fort Wayne. She became acquainted with a hotel-keeper named R. W. McKee, who took her to his house and provided her with a suit of men's clothes, in which, after a few days, she walked the streets without the secret of her sex or

HER IDENTITY BEING DISCOVERED.

To Mr. McKee, who succeeded in gaining her confidence, she finally told the whole story. She says that Newland was murdered by Mr. Fulton, a huckster of Maysville, John Garmeyer, Perry Tracey and herself. She asserts that when Newland visited the city he was followed by Fulton, who communicated the fact to Garmeyer and Tracey that he had considerable money about him, and it was planned that they should rob him on the way home. Fulton then returned to Maysville, to divert any suspicion that might attach to him, but promised to meet the other men at a given spot in the woods. Mary says she was taken into the plot, and in men's clothes she accompanied Garmeyer and Tracey. It was agreed that Fulton and Tracey should attack and rob Newland, while Garmeyer and "Moll" acted as pickets, and the plan was carried out as arranged. Tracey and Fulton secreted themselves behind two large trees, and when Newland came along the narrow pathway they sprang upon him from behind and threw him suddenly upon the ground. He violently resisted their attempts to rob him, and tried to get his revolver. In the struggle Newland tore off the men's masks and

THEY DETERMINED TO MURDER HIM.

"Moll" says that she and Garmeyer rushed to the assistance of their pals, and, holding Newland firmly upon the ground, smothered him to death. To their great disgust, upon rifling his pockets they found only \$51.50. They took \$50, leaving the balance in his pockets, in the hope that the discovery of so insignificant a sum upon the body would lead the public to believe that Newland had died accidentally, and that he had not been robbed or murdered. In order further to mystify the case, Newland's revolver was taken from his pocket, the trigger raised and his handkerchief placed beneath the lock. His pocket book, notes and papers were placed on the abutment of a bridge near by, and the bloody work being done she says they hastened away. Then the men missed their masks and wanted to return for them; but were overruled. They hurried onward some distance, and after dividing the money they separated, Tracey going in one direction, Fulton in another, while "Moll" and Garmeyer returned to Fort Wayne and secreted themselves in a cave.

Among other astonishing revelations, "Moll" gave a detailed account of another bloody deed, the circumstances of which were as follows: About three or four years ago she determined to put out of the way a girl named Lizzie Early, about sixteen years of age, to whom her (Durer's) brother was about to be married. Mary Durer had conceived

A VIOLENT HATRED FOR THIS GIRL.

The reason of this was some real or fancied injury received at her hands, and she determined to get rid of her rather than have her marry young Durer. The girl was out of the city and upon her return home was met in the evening at the south depot by Mary Durer in a cutter. She was dressed in male attire, and upon some pretext she induced Lizzie Early to get in the cutter and ride with her. Tracey and Dunham were in another cutter some distance ahead, and the two women followed them out the New Haven turnpike, about three miles beyond the toll-gate, where they turned to the right, going south on a road passing under the Wabash Railway. About thirty rods south of the railway they got out of the cutter and took the

unfortunate girl into Hedekin's woods, where, in a hollow on the banks of a small creek near the place where a small rivulet flows into it, Lizzie Early was foully murdered. She was struck a violent blow on the head with a large club.

CAUSING ALMOST INSTANT DEATH.

All of her clothes were taken from her body to prevent identification; a grave was dug, and the corpse, yet warm, was lowered into it, and covered with earth. The chemise and hose and other articles were placed in the forks of a hollow log, and the remainder of the clothing was carried away and added to "Moll" Durer's scanty wardrobe.

The alleged murderers, Dunham and Tracey, both of whom are implicated by Mary Durer in the Early murder, and one of them in the Newland murder, are now serving out life terms in the penitentiary. They were found guilty in the Criminal Court in February and March, 1877, of the murder of James O'Brien on the 17th day of the preceding November. The principal evidence against them was given by Mary Durer, who swore that she stood on the Harrison street bridge and saw Perry Tracey, James Dunham, John Garmeyer and James Hartman throw O'Brien into the canal. "Moll" says she has always regretted that she "gave the boys away," and seemed to be under the impression that by declaring her former evidence false she could secure their release from the Penitentiary. John Garmeyer, whom she implicated in both the Newland and O'Brien murders, died some months subsequent to their commission, in the St. Joseph Hospital, from the result of injuries received on the railroad. The O'Brien case against Hartman was dismissed because Mary Durer, being his wife, could not testify against him. The third man named by the woman in connection with the Newland mystery, and designated as Fulton, was a huckster who removed from Fort Wayne a few months after Newland's death, and is believed to be in Pennsylvania or Ohio at the present time.

A Brutal Preacher.

PAINEVILLE, O., February 22.—Rev. A. S. Dobbs, of Meadville, Pa., is now on trial here in the Methodist Episcopal Church, before a delegation of the Meadville conference, for extreme cruelty and abuse of his family. His wife is the daughter of the late Charley Chase, a notice of whose sudden death while in attendance upon the morning service of the Congregational Church on the 22nd of December last appeared in the columns of the Leader. Mr. Dobbs and wife were of course telegraphed, and came on to attend the funeral of Mr. Chase, and it was here, and a few days only after the funeral, that the trouble occurred that made public the cruelty and violence that it is now claimed Rev. Dobbs has practiced in his family for years. It seems that Mr. Dobbs was desirous of being appointed administrator of his father-in-law's estate, and insisted, in opposition to the wishes of Mrs. Chase, in having it done at once. The consent, however, of Mrs. Chase, as appears in the testimony, was obtained through the urgent and violent solicitations of Mr. Dobbs, and her name was signed to the necessary papers, as she testified, fearing the consequences if she did not do so. Mr. Dobbs claimed that Mr. and Mrs. Chase had tried to break up his family, and accused his wife of slandering him, and it was during a discussion of this subject, upon the evening of the 2nd of January, Mr. Dobbs, making accusations of his wife, that the oldest son, Charley, a lad eighteen or nineteen years of age, interfered in his mother's behalf, when Mr. Dobbs grabbed the boy by the throat, and was about to strike him, but did not, as the boy was rather too strong for his father, and pushed him backward over a chair upon the floor. Mrs. Chase was greatly alarmed, and sent the hired girl to call Rev. Mr. Seeley, who lives near by. The girl ran for Mr. Seeley, and, as she testified, told him she was afraid Mr. Dobbs would kill Charley. Mr. Seeley hastened over, and what occurred after he arrived, as testified upon the stand, is in substance as follows: "When I went in, the struggle between Mr. Dobbs and Charley was over. Charley had made no attempt to injure his father, and it seems Mr. Dobbs had not again attacked his son; he was walking the floor in a violent passion. I asked, 'What is the matter?' Dobbs replied, 'This villainous woman, this hell-hound (meaning his wife) has been on my track for the last fifteen years, slandering me and injuring me in all my charges.' Mrs. Chase attempted to explain, and Dobbs called her a liar and other pet names not altogether appropriate for a Methodist clergyman to apply to an aged mother-in-law. I (Seeley) told Mr. Dobbs that if he did not keep quiet I should call a policeman. Dobbs then came close up to me with his fist clenched and asked fiercely if I meant that. I told him I did every word of it. He then cooled down somewhat, but continued to accuse his wife of wanting to injure him, calling her repeatedly a hell-hound, a she-devil, a liar, a thief, and everything else which his ingenuity and passion could suggest."

Misses Anna and Mary Kerr and Miss Herrendon were called and testified in substance as Mr. Seeley had done, regarding Mr. Dobbs' treatment of his wife and of Mrs. Chase upon the evening of the 2nd of January, they all being in the house that evening. Miss Herrendon, who is employed in the family of Mrs. Chase, testified that on the morning of January 3 Mr. Dobbs started for Meadville, compelling his wife to accompany him, although she pleaded to be allowed to remain with her mother, and was so weak and exhausted that she could hardly stand, and did fall down in attempting to walk to the street, and had to be helped up and into the omnibus; this being done by others. Mr. Dobbs paid no heed to her condition.

The wife is now at her mother's, and is in a very precarious condition, her mind being deranged and health poor. She is unable to appear at the trial and testify in the case. Her son Charley was put upon the stand this morning, testifying to the general oppression of his father in his family. The trial is still continuing, and much interest is felt in the case, although few of our citizens have thus far attended its sitting, it being generally understood that a large audience was not desired.

A Woman of Iron Nerve.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

On the evening of September 19 she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor, almost directly at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under a broad-topped ornamental table in the center of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers, and remembered



WM. DEVER, MURDERER OF FOREMAN HOEHLER, IN THE SAN QUENTIN, CAL., PRISON.
—SEE PAGE 2.

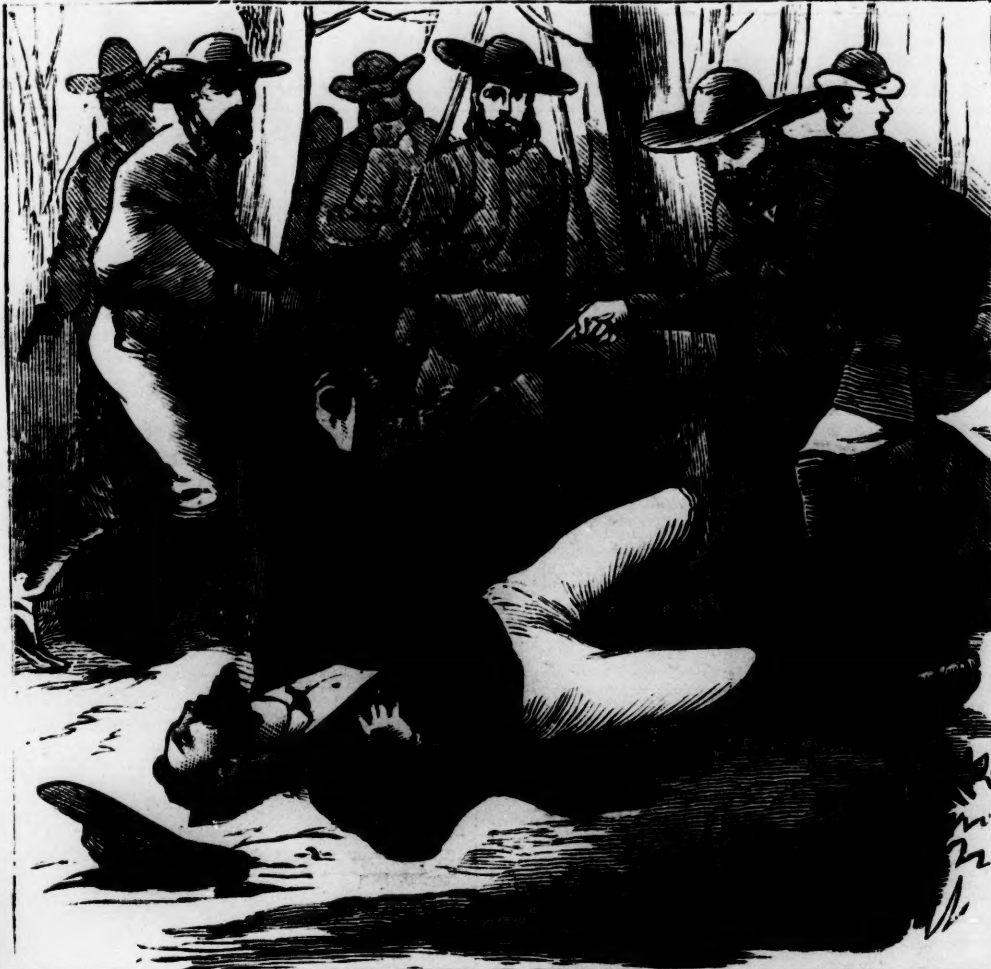
that several desperate burglaries had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositiously by a negro desperado, who was notorious as having lost two fingers of his right hand.

Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and, besides herself in the house, there was but a single maid servant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant.

"Hand me writing material, Bridget," said she, with perfect calmness; "I want you to take a note this instant to Mr. Forfair, the jeweler, and have him send you back with my diamond necklace and earrings which I left there for repairs several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twentyfold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer."

The note was at once written and dispatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to the jeweler, an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged him to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive.

The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and in



MR. NICK ANTHONY CALLED OUT OF HIS HOUSE AND MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD BY THE INFAMOUS "BORDER ALLIANCE" OF ASSASSINS, AT WILLIAMS' RANCH, TEX.

other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited—with a wildly beating heart, and her eyes fastened upon the hands of her little ornamental clock with a greedy, feverish gaze.

At last, however, came the prayed-for relief. There was a ring at the door bell, and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down-stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfair and three stalwart policemen.

The latter passed stealthily up-stairs and into the boudoir, where they suddenly pounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a struggle.

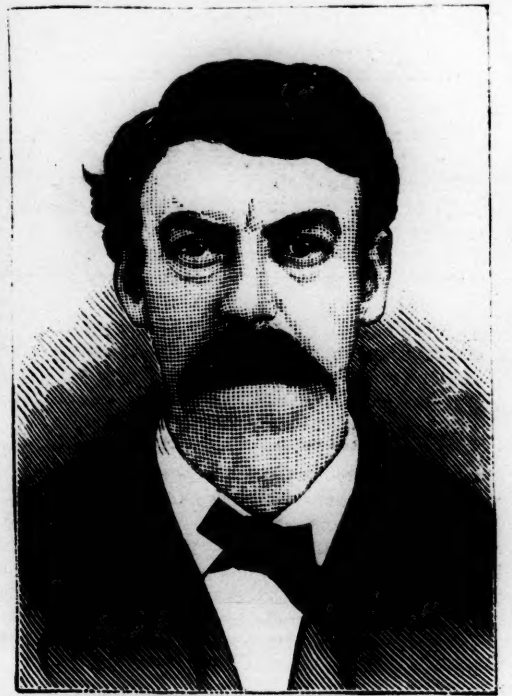
The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Chapman, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.

A Texan Assassins' League.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of Police Gazette.]

Brownwood, Tex., February 20.—Last Friday night a party of fifteen masked and armed men entered the little town of Williams' Ranch, in this county, and, going to the house of Mr. Nick Anthony, who was at home, chatting with a couple of friends, called him and his friends out. They marched them to the edge of town, where they turned the friends of Mr. Anthony loose, when ten of the party stepped back about fifteen paces and discharged their Winchester rifles at the latter, killing him instantly, nine of the ten balls inflicting mortal wounds. Anthony was an important witness in the case of the State against Dr. East and Vaughn, who are now confined in the jail here. The



WILLIAM FORSYTH, MURDERER OF HIS MISTRESS, MARY O'BRIEN, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—SEE PAGE 2.

"Border Alliance," as the assassins call themselves, is getting to be as great a terror to this part of Texas as the "Molly Maguires" were to the coal regions of Pennsylvania. They hold secret meetings, have passwords, signals, etc., and it is stated that some of the

leading men of the state are concerned in it. It extends principally over the counties of Brown, Comanche, Coleman, Eastland, Hood, San Saba, Coryell, Lampasas, Taylor, Callahan, Hamilton, Bosque, McCulloch and Bell, with headquarters at Williams' Ranch, in this (Brown) county. They have made one attempt to liberate three of their party, who are confined in the jail here, for hanging a negro, but were repulsed, as related in a previous issue of the GAZETTE. It is expected, however, that the whole "gang" will be summoned, and that they will then try it again. A reward of \$14,000 is offered for the capture of the "gang" of twenty-five who attempted the liberation of the prisoners confined here. The deputy sheriffs did not dare to sleep in the same place for two nights for fear of being "called out." This is the most terrible and blood-thirsty gang that has ever infested the Texas border. No one dare make any comments upon their actions publicly, for fear of being shot down or "called out," as they have spies in our midst. How things will finally terminate is something no one knows.

Fatal Horse-Race Quarrel.

Frank Williamson shot and instantly killed Louis Wilson, at Brownsville, Monroe county, Ohio, on Friday afternoon, 21st ult. The difficulty originated about a horse-race, in which Wilson, after a heated discussion, was fatally wounded by Williamson. Wilson leaves a wife and three children. Williamson was arrested on the following day and jailed at Woodfield.



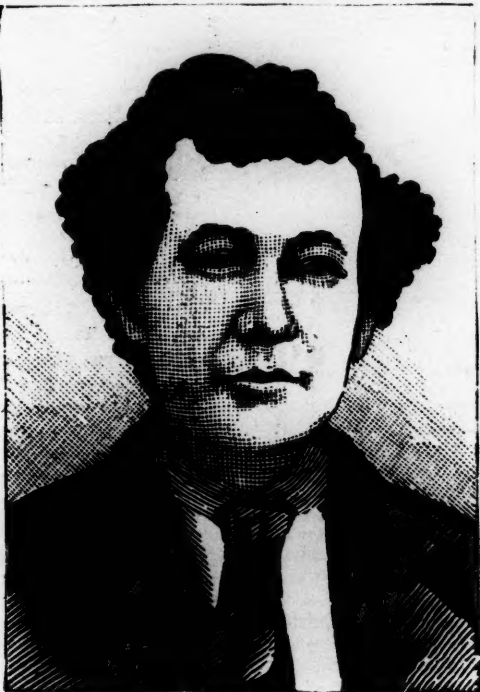
A WOMAN OF IRON NERVE—MRS. ISADORE MIDDLETON, A LADY OF BEAUTY AND FASHION, IN MOBILE, ALA., DISCOVERING A NEGRO DESPERADO AND BURGLAR IN HER APARTMENTS, SECURES HIS CAPTURE BY A DARING AND INGENIOUS STRATAGEM.



DAVID PENDER, ALIAS "THE KID," THE FIFTH AVENUE HIGHWAYMAN.—SEE PAGE 6.

No Resuscitation for George.

An attempt was made to resuscitate Washington, the executed negro rape fiend, after his death, by leading physicians of Louisville, Ky., as a scientific experiment, similar to that performed in the case of Merrick, the Indianapolis wife murderer. After being swung off the second time and pronounced dead, he was cut down, placed in a wagon and driven rapidly to the Hospital College, and was received by Dr. F. C. Wilson, Professors J. B. Marvin, John T. Williams, C. L. Mees and W. B. Meany. The body was at once car-



HARRY HULSE, THE ACCUSED IN THE TERRIBLE OUTRAGE CASE AT CINCINNATI.—SEE PAGE 7

ried up-stairs, stripped of clothing and placed in the bath tub in the dissecting-room, containing warm water to preserve heat in the body. A vein was opened that, if possible, the congestion might be relieved, and the galvanic battery at once applied over the epigastric region and on the back and sides of the neck, while compression of the chest and all artificial means of restoring respiration were resorted to. The battery was applied in the region of the heart to restore the circulation. A medium-sized dog was then chloroformed, his body opened, and blood taken directly from his heart, which was transfused into



JOHN SCHNETZER, MURDERED BY AN ITALIAN ASSASSIN, IN HARLEM, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.



JOHN PETER COLSTON, THE "BIG SWEDE," A PEDESTRIAN WHO HAS ACCOMPLISHED THE REMARKABLE FEAT OF WALKING 1,018 MILES IN 500 CONSECUTIVE HOURS, AT HOBOKEN, N. J.—SEE PAGE 7.

the negro's body through an opening made in the medium cephalic vein of the left arm. At the same time the efforts to restore respiration were continued, oxygen being pumped into the mouth, the chest worked without cessation, and the electric current continually applied. The respirator needle was inserted in the left ventricle of the heart to draw, if possible, the clotted blood therefrom, and afterward fluid digitalis was injected there to stimulate its ac-

tion. After being in the bath for fifty minutes, and showing no signs of resuscitation, the body was taken out and placed on the dissecting-table. Dr. Marvin then made the incision from ear to ear around the back part of the head, and drew the scalp forward over the face. The skull was then trephined in the parietal region, and the electricity applied, using first a weak current and afterward Ruhmkorff's coil, the instrument producing one-eighth, one fourth and

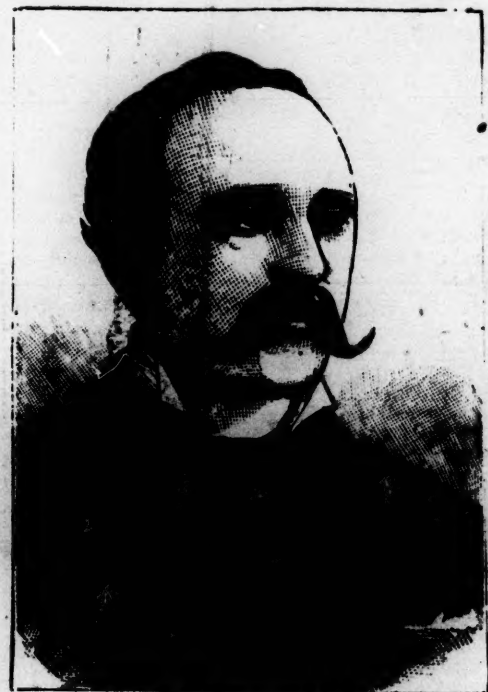


A YOUNG GIRL, BEING DETECTED IN A FELONIOUS ENTERPRISE, SEIZES THE ROPE OF A DUMB WAITER AND DESCENDS WITH FRIGHTFUL VELOCITY TO THE BOTTOM, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 5.



JOHN FOX, RECAPTURED FUGITIVE FROM RICHMOND, VA., PRISON.—SEE PAGE 11.

one-half inch sparks. The fire flew from the point of the pole as it was applied to the head, neck, face and breast, causing a convulsive movement of the eyelids, a nervous twitching of the muscles, and a slight jerking motion of the extremities. Beyond this no signs of life were manifested. After continuing the experiment for some time the scalp was replaced and sewed on, the body dressed and laid out to await the orders of the priest who attended him on the scaffold, the attempt to resuscitate him having proved a most complete failure.



CHARLES W. ANGELL, THE RETURNED PULLMAN CAR REFUGEE.—SEE PAGE 7.

Going for the Countess' Diamonds.

In Louisville, Ky., after the second act of "Camille" on the night of the 22nd ult., a loud scream was heard in the direction of Modjeska's dressing-room. The actress, on entering the apartment, beheld two men in the act of leaping down from a window, having evidently attempted to steal her diamonds. The cry brought other members of the company, and the officer of the theatre, who gave chase, but failed to capture the thieves. A number of roofs of houses had been scaled to reach the desired location.



WILLIAM L. HARRIS, MURDERER OF JOSEPH JACKSON, AT WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.

THE PHANTOM FRIEND.

OR.

The Mystery of the Devil's Pool.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY S. A. MACKEEVER.

Author of "PRINCE MARCO; OR, THE CHILD SLAVE OF THE ARENA," "THE NEW YORK TOMBS—ITS SECRETS AND ITS MYSTERIES," "THE S-A-M LET-TERS," AND "POPULAR PICTURES OF NEW YORK LIFE."

[The Phantom Friend, was commenced in No. 67. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XII.
(Continued.)

While this somewhat ghastly conversation was in progress, and Jules was gradually looking more like a human being, Jacques had softly propelled the boat to the indicated spot.

Then the windlass was turned cautiously and in a little while a dark mass loomed up through the surface. The immediately added weight showed that the treasure was in their grasp.

Getting into the water and planting his feet firmly on the rocky support that he had already located, Jules unfastened the clamps, and then, with the assistance of his brother, the valuable article was softly landed high and dry.

The next thing was to get it on board. This was done by dragging it across the grassy knoll to where the rocks made a straight dive to the Hudson's bed.

A stout plank in the boat was run out to the ledge, and while Jules, the heavier of the two, used another on the other side as an outrigger, on which to extend himself when the strain came upon the boat, Jacques pulled the box in.

"It's heavy," he muttered.

"All the better," was Jules' response.

The task was soon finished.

When, at last, what he had toiled for so long was in the centre of the stout boat, which sunk perceptibly in the water, Jules took one pair of oars, and, turning to his brother, who had the other, said:

"The wagon at the wharf."

"All right."

"Then for home."

And with scarcely a splash and no sound from the muffled rowlocks, they pulled steadily out into the stream through the murky darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE BURGLARY.

In the last chapter allusion was made to a conversation between Mr. Calvin and Miss Laura Benedick, as the former prepared to take his leave. It was just at the hour when Jules was groping for the companionway that led to the cabin where the chest was.

As she bowed him out she remarked, "call again, soon, won't you?"

And he answered, "all right, very soon."

It was then nearly midnight. In just two hours and a half from that time Miss Laura, who was in her first sleep, heard a noise in her father's room, situated on the floor below. She started up in bed, her eyes wide open with terror, for the sounds were unmistakably those of a scuffle.

"Help! help!" came from the room below, in accents that she knew too well were those of her father.

Leaping out of bed she turned up the gas, and trembling like a leaf, listened.

There was the chaotic disturbance of furniture distinctly heard, and then a voice which said—

"Damn you, keep quiet, or I'll kill you."

Her blood froze in her veins, and her eyes dilated with fresh fright.

There was something in the tone that she seemed to recognize.

Just over her bed a bell-cord dangled. This she pulled, and the reverberation of the sound was heard in the servant's room above with which it communicated. Then throwing on her dress and a wrap, and lighting a small lamp upon the table, she sprang out upon the landing, passing through the ante-room that separated her apartments from those of the missing Flora. As she did so the struggle in her father's room seemed to become more intense. Almost fainting, Laura descended the stairs, the light trembling in her grasp. At the same time she heard the servant moving in the apartment above, while there came a violent ringing at the front door bell.

The door of Mr. Benedick's room was ajar. With a fearful feeling at her heart, Laura threw it wider open and entered. What she saw was an aged man pressed over on the bed; a young man with a black mask holding him by the throat; a safe with a burst lock, and a dark lantern.

She threw herself upon the burglar, after placing the lamp upon the dressing table, and, as she did so, he struck her father with a chisel he held in his hand.

She tore the mask from the villain's face and recognized him.

It was Arthur Calvin.

All this time the noise at the door was increasing, the old gentleman's shrieks having been heard in the street.

At the same time the sound of hurrying feet were heard descending the stairs.

Calvin seized her by the arm and whispered, "Save me."

She looked at the insensible form of her father, at her lover, and then said, "I will. Come this way."

At that moment both police officer and servant arrived upon the landing, the latter having opened the door.

With a quick movement Calvin thrust his mask in his breast.

"What is the matter?" asked the official.

"There has been a burglary here," said Calvin.

"Yes, and almost a murder," the policeman replied.

"Who did it?"

"The man escaped."

"Which way?"

"By the window there."

"But it is closed."

"I closed it myself. The young lady was cold."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I am a friend of the family. I staid all night."

"Is this true, Miss?"

"It is," said Laura, while the blush of shame came upon her cheek.

This was a most embarrassing statement, and was so much at variance with the truth and with the character of the young lady that no wonder she blushed. To add to her confusion the father came to consciousness, and, staggering across the room, pointed his finger at Calvin, saying, "You are the man."

"What man?" said Calvin, coolly.

"The man who robbed that safe," and as he spoke the old gentleman, pressing his hand to his head, which was bleeding from two wounds, indicated Calvin.

"What makes you say that, father?" asked Laura, as she hurried to his assistance, for he tottered and came near falling.

"I know it—I know it! He was the one I detected at the safe. He was the one who struck these cruel blows."

"This is a rather serious charge," said the officer; "you must go with me."

Calvin turned an imploring look upon Laura.

"I tell you," said she, approaching her father, "that you are mistaken. Mr. Calvin did not do this thing."

"Who did?" asked Mr. Benedick.

"I do not know."

"How came he here, then?"

"He was with me."

"Where?"

"In my room."

The look of unutterable anguish that the father turned upon the daughter was something terrible in its intensity. It expressed two emotions—that of doubt, that of belief.

She stood pale as a statue. The officer and servant exchanged incredulous glances. Calvin was the least disturbed of the four. He stood calmly observing the trembling girl and the aged man he had nearly murdered.

"Well," the officer remarked, "has anything been stolen?"

Mr. Benedick went to the safe, looked in and said—

"Yes, a package of diamonds and an envelope containing bonds, valued in all at \$100,000. It is my all." As he said these words he groped his way to the bed and fell upon it in a dead faint.

Laura crept close to her lover and whispered—"Arthur, where is the property he speaks of?"

"In my pocket."

"Then you —"

"I did."

"I can denounce you."

"But you won't?"

"Have a care. Do not tempt me too far. You have attacked my father's life."

"You forget that you have stated that I was in your room?"

"Well, then,—what of that?"

"You do not lie. Therefore, if you tell the truth, which of course you do, you and I robbed your father, and nearly killed him in collusion."

"Wretch—would you say that?"

"What else can I say? You are a logician?"

All this was regarded by the officer, the servant who had let him in and two or three of the other domestics attracted by the row with the utmost curiosity. But aside from the parlor of the young woman, they could detect nothing. Calvin was as calm as if he were at an evening party. In one pocket he had the diamonds and bonds he had been caught in the very act of stealing. In another he had the latch-key that he had entered the house with. That latch-key belonged to Laura and had been picked up from the mantel where she had placed it about three hours before, when Calvin was turning over the leaves of the music. It was also at the hour when Flora, Mrs. Ange and Mrs. Babette were in conversation at No. 1618 Leroy street; when Sergeant Flick was gazing into the fire; when Tupa Dick was wondering where the diamond ear-drops were, and when Jules was searching for the money chest in the sunken canal-boat.

Calvin had watched for many a night his chance to get this key and had used it, as we have stated, on the first opportunity.

"If there's no more work for me here," the officer remarked, "I had better go and see what I can find out about the gentleman who got out of that window."

This he said sarcastically, but it produced no apparent impression upon the thief, who had almost become a murderer. Turning to Laura, he said:

"The officer is right. Two things have to be done. The burglar has to be followed and a doctor must be sent for. In which enterprise shall I go?"

"You will go for a doctor," Laura replied.

"It's the longest trip," was the heartless answer of Calvin, "but just as you say."

With this remark, handing the mask and the lantern to the officer, he walked down the stairs and so into the street, followed almost immediately by the policeman.

When father and daughter were left alone, Mr. Benedick, propping himself upon his elbow, said in a hoarse voice:

"You know that you have not told the truth, my child."

"I do, but I could not help it."

"You at least told a falsehood when you said that Mr. Calvin was in your room."

"I did."

"Thank God for that! The diamonds and bonds are as nothing to your virtue, my daughter. But what induced you to screen this miscreant, this assassin?"

"I love him, father."

"But do you not see—"

"I know now that he is a burglar, almost a murderer, but I love him all the same."

"Are you aware that in addition to stealing my daughter's heart, he has taken all my available property, and that there will be a financial crisis in my business down town to-morrow almost amounting to bankruptcy. I have notes to meet, to liquidate which I depended upon the hypothecation of the diamonds and securities now in possession of this wretch whom you unhesitatingly say you love."

"Flora fell upon her knees, and taking her father's hands in hers, said—

"I know that I am undutiful. I know, in fact, that I am despicable; but I had no other recourse than to save and shield Mr. Calvin. He has promised to become my husband, it is necessary that he should become my husband."

"Poor child, I did not understand this. My misfortunes are accumulating rapidly upon me. Your sister committed suicide, under the most mysterious circumstances, which led me to believe that this Mr. Calvin had done to her the same horrible wrong that he has done to you. Now comes the robbery and the attack upon my life. What next?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The River Pirates of the Metropolis and their Haunts—Gliding through Fog and Gloom with Muffled Oars.

OUR AQUATIC BIRDS OF PREY.

Mysteries of Midnight Veiled by the Darkness along the Water Front of the Great City.

HISTORY OF TWO FAMOUS BUCCANEERS.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

There are certain portions of each great city which are identified with certain classes of crime. They are as familiar to the Police Central Office as the grand opera is to the *haute ton*. Paris has its Faubourg St. Antoine, London its White Chapel, New York its Five Points. These names have become recognized as synonymous with vice and are as much a part of the history of such cities as are the doings of its legislative bodies. Modern progress and the civilizing effects of disseminated education have done much to improve the personnel of those localities, but their traditions are handed down—not in their immediate vicinity so much as where they are known only by report—but handed down all the same as a warning to the well disposed, as a lesson to the evil disposed. But of the different varieties of evil-doing scarcely one can be said to have thrown around it that halo of dark romance—so closely connected with stormy nights, wandering in gloomy, inky darkness, with no guide save the familiarity with a few stray land-marks or river-marks—as that of the river thief. The adventures of Captain Kid and his doughty confederates of the Spanish Main, as recited by the authors of red and yellow covered literature, enthrall the young equally as much as the most hair-breadth and thrilling of "Jack Harkaway's" Indian stories and the effect is virtually the same. But not so on the river thief proper. Neither the shadowy ghostliness of the ships rigging, nor the sad sobbing of the waves has any romantic interest for him. In the gloaming, when the variegated lights of the ferry-boats flash like a kaleidoscope of precious stones, more brilliant in their relief against the darkness of the river and adjacent shores, the boat of the thief shoots out from its concealment like an evil spirit on the night. No romance then. To him the whole business is as much a matter of practicability and convenience as is the honest merchant's broad daylight. With all the risk he knows he must encounter, he is as complaisant and as happy as a criminal can be, when darkness and storm combine to aid him in his nefarious excursions. Shrouded by the murkiness of the night, the boat shoots into midstream and the muffled oars are plied by strong and skilful arms. There are three men in the boat, and from their unwavering course it is evident that their business has been well planned. No hap-hazard seeking after stray trifles; the river thief is too thoroughly a professional. He has been previously instructed by the captain of the gang of the work expected of him. His only it is to find the means, and his long experience renders this an easy matter. The occupants of the boat in mid-stream have made a survey, and, seeing no hindrance, pull rapidly in shore and listen for the sound of the spy on the dock to tell them whether or not the police-boat is in waiting for them. The signal is favorable, and, under the shadows of the dock and ferry houses, their boat is impelled, swiftly and silently, to its destination. A brig lies in the river, and alongside her the boat pulls and is made fast to the chain. Stealthily one of the crew of the boat climbs to the deck of the vessel and carefully appropriates whatever loose pieces of chain and rope that lie aboard, but, while doing this, does not neglect to note the presence or absence, drowsiness or watchfulness of the guard, for it may be that the booty is rich and lies in the cabin. If this is the case, four men have been sent, and they are desperate, resolute pugilists, who, if murder be necessary to the success of the venture, will not hesitate to take life or sacrifice their own. It sometimes happens that, as the river thieves are seeking a haven of safety after a robbery, and as their boat glides quietly along in the dark, that another is seen, and, shooting from behind some wharf or from the shadow of some vessel, she makes rapidly for the thieves. They see their enemy and know it is the police boat. Now comes a struggle and a race which would do credit to Oxford or Cambridge. The officers of the law are superior in numbers and gain rapidly on their prey. The thieves are called upon to surrender. They laugh in derision, and, with one hand on an oar, with the other a pistol is grasped and a shot fired. A dozen from the police boat answer it, and the fusillade grows fast and furious for a moment. A cry, "My God! I'm shot!" comes from the thieves, and when the police pull alongside they find all the men wounded and faint but one, and he has passed over the river to the other shore.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

The river thief is a fund of information if he should choose to be interviewed. But he is generally too shady, too careful. He is very exclusive, and manages, so far as is possible, to draw the line somewhere in making new acquaintances. He draws it at policemen and newspaper people. I, for instance, while preparing this article, waited for two hours in one of the vilest dens in James street to have a meeting with a gentleman who has pulled the muffled oar in the East River, with the exception of about five years, for the last quarter of a century. During the five years in question he was living in great retirement at a pleasant city on the Hudson. If I am not mistaken, it was Sing Sing.

This very saloon where I waited was formerly owned by a gentleman who is now in the Kings County Jail doing time for calling upon an Astoria family at three a. m., and preferring to arrive by the way of the bath-room window rather than approaching in the orthodox manner by the front door.

While in the saloon I had an interesting conversation with the bar-tender, who told me of one river thief he knew—it was not the one I was in waiting for—who had at least one bright spot in his character, and that was the facility he had for saving lives of the unfortunate women who so frequently plunge from wharves and ferry-boats into the dark stream.

"Do you see that girl over there?" and he pointed to one who was enjoying being roasted in a very drunken condition behind a stove.

"Yes. What of her?"

"She was saved twice by the man I speak of."

"Yes—damn him," said the girl, struggling to her feet and turning her blotted countenance about in the red glare of the fire—"and I don't think he'll do it again—I don't thank him for it."

I only mention this circumstance to show you that the

river thief can have a spark of humanity beneath the blue shirt that generally covers his bosom. Ordinarily, however, he is a desperate wretch, who is always ready to commit murder if it is necessary. When one of his trips is performed and he has come safely away with his plunder, he resorts to the lowest drinking saloons of the river side and there in the company of his "pals" he forgets the dangers he has passed and sinks deeper and deeper into crime in the exchange of ideas and experiences to be put in practice at the first opportunity.

There have not been many executions of river pirates of late years. The last one was had in Hempstead Plains Jail, when a ruffian was strung up for killing the captain of a schooner in Cow Bay. On that occasion the Chicago Times headed its article descriptive of the ceremony in the most impudently flippant way. If I remember correctly, the line read, "Jerked to Jesus." It was of a part with the blasphemy in which the murderer indulged previous to his final leap upward into eternity.

Now about twenty years ago the execution of river thieves was quite a common affair. Howlett and Saul were hanged in the Tombs on the 28th of January, 1853.

From the "History of the Tombs," I take the following account of the murder and execution: "One murky night in the fall of 1852, a trio of river pirates quietly pulled alongside the ship 'William Watson,' then lying between James Slip and Oliver street. They stealthily climbed over the ship's side to her deck. Entering the cabin, they were detected in the act by private watchman Charles Baxter. But one shot was fired, and the watchman fell to the deck dead, the ball having passed through his neck. The murderers were arrested and proved to be Nicholas Howlett, William Saul and one Johnson, well-known river thieves. The three were tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged July 28th, 1853. The night previous to the execution, the condemned men appeared in excellent spirits, and laughed and conversed as if their hours on earth were not numbered. They retired about midnight and both dreamt of being hung. Early on the day of execution both expressed a desire to see the gallows. When Howlett ascertained that there was a weight to be used, he remarked, 'We will go up instead of going down.' Saul answered, 'If the spirit went up it did not matter as to the body.' * * * Johnson, whose sentence had been commuted, the day previous, to imprisonment for life, took an affectionate farewell of the men who were to soon suffer their extreme penalty. * * * On reaching the foot of the scaffold, Saul expressed a desire to meet several persons, and a number came forward and shook hands with him; among whom were Tom Hyer and Bill Poole, the noted pugilists. * * * The ax fell, the rope was severed, and they were jerked six feet from the ground and into eternity."

PATROLLING THE RIVERS.

In order to head off the thieves, who are now pretty well subdued, the East and North rivers are patrolled night and day—but especially at night—by the Harbor Police. In addition to the number of yaws used by the force, all of whom are good oarsmen, there is the boat Seneca, which roves about through both streams. The rivers are divided into sections, the same as the city is partitioned off in precincts. What the department really wants are steam launches. It is necessary because the river thieves are the most expert oarsmen, and any one of their midnight crews would pull a tight race with the best of the college fours. In the Brooklyn Eagle many years ago there appeared an article in which it was claimed that the Harbor Police of New York could not cope with the dangerous classes on the East river, and that Brooklyn could not because it possessed no Harbor Police. Since that time matters are changed for the better. In the article specified the following paragraph occurs:

"River thieves, as a class, are more reckless of human life than either burglars or highwaymen. They believe in the doctrine that dead men tell no tales. They always go well armed and never hesitate to sacrifice life rather than jeopardize their own liberty. They are like wharf rats, as much at home in the water as on shore, and whenever they have committed a robbery, or a murder, if too closely chased, they are prepared to jump overboard, dive under a pier and thus escape arrest or even detection. Within a day or two the vessel they have robbed and the friends of the murdered man will have gone to see. The detectives, not stipulated by any hope of reward, quickly forget the circumstance, and thus the perpetrators of what the newspapers will style 'Another River Outrage' escape."

The river thieves who infest our harbor may be divided into two classes, namely, those who steal from the docks in the day, and those who plunder vessels by night. The former class are the more numerous. They are more troublesome than dangerous. The latter class includes men of the most dangerous character, who have graduated in crime, and, after serving terms in reformatories, jails and penitentiaries, come forth complete buccaneers. With the single exception of the "light horsemen of the Thames," the water pirates of New York are the only thieving colony of the kind in the world, and they comprise among their members men who, for daring, fertility of resource and the trained coolness of desperation, have not their equals anywhere. Their exploits make a perfect romance of crime. They comprise a chapter in the criminal history of New York and Brooklyn as thrilling and interesting as it is true.

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WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

The Bad Play at Wallack's—"Spell-Bound" Indeed—"I am Dion, Egypt, Dion."—Other Mistakes.

The principal thing to write about this week, is the latest success Mr. Dion Boucicault made at Wallack's Theatre.

And by the same token it is about the failure the management made at the same time.

I alluded to the play of "Spell-Bound" which is out of "Pauline" by Mr. Boucicault, and going to its grand-sire, out of "A Night of Terror" by Dumas.

It was damned by the audience on its first representation, who really expressed the idea embodied by the title. Of course I mean "A Night of Terror."

There is no use of entering into any criticism anent the play. It is so bad that every paper in the city sat down upon it the next morning.

Threw wet sheets over it, so speak.

It is only necessary to moralize for a moment upon the singular spectacle presented by a manager of the experience of Mr. Lester Wallack, allowing himself to be taken in and done-for by a hashed-up dramatic idea, that is not as good as a "Bowery" play, for the simple reason that, being a thoroughly "Bowery" play, it lacks the element of gun-powder.

Except in the instance of the duel across the table, which is so ultra tragical that it is farcical.

The very fact of the play being produced at Wallack's attracted there that usual brilliant audience which no other theatre in New York city can obtain on a "first-night."

The Fifth Avenue catches them in little coteries of fashionable coloring, and the Union Square can always boast of a fair representation of the aristocracy of this peculiarly moneyed metropolis.

That is but a kaleidoscopic view. In Wallack's you get the entire picture, the parts being brought together systematically and making a *tout en semble*, that, once seen, will always be remembered. To such an audience Mr. Boucicault, *via* Mr. Wallack, presented "Spell-Bound."

Summed up, it can be dismissed in the following manner: Its dialogue is turgid, brilliantly confused and sometimes inane.

Its situations are bombastic, heroic once in a while and generally impossible.

Its purpose—but it has none that I could discover. Mr. Wallack has made many mistakes, but none so bad as this.

My advice is as follows:
"Shoot it!"
"But how?"
"With 'A Rifle Ball,' of course."

But now to a consideration of another mistake, namely, that of Messrs. Poole and Donnelly, of the Grand Opera House, in leaving New York and going into "Mexico," simply because Mr. Miller is the "Poet of the Sierras."

He is undoubtedly a poet. His "Kit Carson's Ride" is one of the finest pieces of rhythmic writing I ever read. It has the billowy wave of the prairie grass and the sound of the mustang's hoofs. But being a poet isn't always the same thing as being a dramatist.

And in Mr. Miller's case the two vocations are especially wide apart. I think "Mexico" a very vile play, and if the President of that tropical, revolutionary country should get hold of Mr. Miller he would be incontinently given the fate of Maximilian.

Von Stammwitz, on the positive success of the failure, showed her contrition by playing "Leah, the Forsaken." This had nothing especially to do, however, with the fact that Mr. Miller had been reported as a briny voyager for Europe. Let us in all human sympathy, trust that he gets there before the New York papers do.

Personally, I think Von Stammwitz a clever actress, as she undoubtedly is a most magnificent woman; but there can be no question about the fact that the production of "Mexico" was a mistake, and by this statement we revert again to the wonderful lack of legal acumen which professional theatrical men seem to possess.

If the same mental decrepitude prevailed in other professions, I would never get a jockey to select me a horse, a jeweler to choose me a watch, or a minister to point me the way to heaven.

On second thought, however, I don't think I would take a guide-book to the gold-tinted clouds of the celestial realm from the minister of the period.

Except in this way: If he said, "There you are," I would answer, "Thank you," and go the other way.

As for Messrs. Poole & Donnelly, both shrewd business men, who have made their managerial career sparkle with triumphs, I don't think they had their wits—I mean their Von Stammwitz about them, when they accepted "Mexico."

This week "Sellers" will be on the stage; let us trust there will be more buyers at the box-office.

Another mistake and I am done for this time. On Wednesday evening of last week, Colonel Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, produced "Lohengrin" at the Academy of Music. There was a brilliant audience, a conscientious troupe, and a very tough performance. The mistake consisted in singing to people of the Don Giovanni school such a gloomy monstrosity, streaked here and there with flashes of catching melody, as Lohengrin is. I do not know Richard Wagner personally, but I understand he is the composer of the future. If he will oblige me he will make it so far future that the daisies will have bloomed many times above me, and I will be in that interesting condition when no musical performance shall ever again entrance me until Gabriel comes forth, gives Levy odds and beats him.

I know this is not culture, but I am only myself, and I am writing my honest opinion of the great Beyreuth composer. He has correctly called himself for he is certainly not a composer of the present.

I had said I was through. I am not. I want to speak of the "Sorcerer." As to that alleged comic opera, at the Broadway, I regret to say that I witnessed the first performance of it. It used to be considered of some slight importance, when one proposed to produce an opera, to engage singers who could sing, but our contemporary managers have changed all that. Anything more painful than the efforts of the Broadway company to render the rather colorless music which Mr. Sullivan has fitted to Mr. Gilbert's clever rhymes is rarely seen. A critical friend, whose opinion I solicited during the *out-act*, delivered it in this wise: "I never Sor-cer-er more dingy failure."

MARQUIS DE LORNETTE.

Green-Room Gossip.

A bad quotation for managers—"The 'Globe' is my oyster, and I will open it."

Miss Marion Lamar goes on the road with a "Pinafore" company. She will play *Josephine*.

Wm. J. Fleming will appear at the Bowery, in March, in the drama of "Custer, the Avenger."

Harry Paulding and Josh Hart are about to re-open the Globe Theatre, which they have leased.

The great trouble with public entertainments just now is that there are too many walking ladies.

George Holland, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, takes a benefit on the 15th of March.

Mr. DeBoney, the "Bambino" of the *Clipper*, is thinking of opening either the Brighton or Folly Theatres.

To-night the "Pinafore" will slide from the stock company at the Windsor, the old "Stadt," with an excellent cast.

The relic of the original "George" Holland, has been at the point of death. She has sustained a surgical operation for tumor.

Miss Ada Gaddis has returned from her prolonged western tour, and will take a brief season of rest before making a new departure.

Dr. Landis, of Philadelphia, is about to make his debut as a long distant walker, having signed a contract with Mr. Fitzgerald, the dramatic agent.

The two-headed child, or St. Benoit Twins, leads a long array of living human wonders which are on exhibition at the American Museum, 298 Bowery.

Mr. Abbey, of the Park, has taken Beethoven Hall, Boston. After some architectural changes, it will be opened under the name of the Park Theatre.

Charles Benedict, one of Barnum's agents, married Miss Mattie Coddington on February 23rd. The following day the bride accidentally swallowed a diamond ring.

It is rumored that James F. Herne and wife are to leave the Academy of Music, San Francisco, and will appear here in a new comedy written expressly for them.

The Gayety Theatre, of Boston, under the management of George H. Tyler, is scoring a series of successes. The "Saulsbury Troubadours" were the card last week.

Now that Manager G. E. Lothrop, of the Boyston Museum, Boston, has again taken the reins of management, it is safe to predict reforms and enterprise generally.

It is rumored that Fanny Louise Buckingham, who has attained considerable notoriety in the role of *Mazepa*, is soon to get down from her high horse and appear on the legitimate stage.

"Skooz-Stroi; or, The King of the Quarry Slaves," a new drama by Mr. C. Edmond Pillet, will shortly be produced at the Bowery. We take pleasure in pronouncing it—but, no, that is impossible.

Mr. Jukes, who has charge of the museum department of Barnum's greatest show, returned from Europe on Monday last. He has procured many novelties which will be exhibited the coming season.

Dr. S. M. Landis, of Philadelphia, who played at Tony Pastor's two seasons ago in his own character of *The Fiend*. Let us hope it will be 10,000 miles in a straight line from New York, with no return checks.

Miss Ada Cavandish comes again to the Broadway on the 10th of March. Her engagement is for six weeks. Geo. S. Knight follows. This is the natural order of progression. A-da always precedes the Knight—or it "Ot-to."

The production of "The Sorcerer" at the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, on February 24th, met with more success than its presentation here. The charming Miss Gussie Alden appeared to good advantage. She was beautifully costumed, and sang with great spirit.

Mme. Julie De Ryther, as *Little Buttercup*, was a valuable acquisition to the Fifth Avenue "Pinafore" Company. There are few more satisfactory contraltos in the profession. She has long been an ornament in church choir circles, and will surely be a success in the histrionic world.

A place called the National Varieties, has been opened on Eighth avenue, near Forty-ninth street. It is of the lowest order of entertainment, and is a disgrace to the respectable variety theatres. Such places should not meet with any patronage or consideration, and should be ignored by everybody.

The great success of the double bill, "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," at the Fifth Avenue, has necessitated the postponement of Steele Mackay's new drama, "Through the Dark," for another week. Miss Henrietta Irving is likely to make an excellent impression by her clever characterization of *Sarah Graham*.

It is not remarkable that of the dramatic critics who have been descending upon the enormity of Bronson Howard's claim to authorship of "The Banker's Daughter," has not called attention to the fact that it is a dead steal from an old play called "Brought," and that the first acts of each play are in general construction, identical.

A young person named Paulding has been playing *Beruccio* in the "Fool's Revenge" at the Lyceum the past week. This week he is presenting his conception of *Hamlet*. One of the cruellest *nois* of the moment is that which speaks of this latter performance as indeed the "Fool's Revenge"—on his unappreciative critics.

Since Booth's Theatre became the chosen temple of athletic sports, the haunt of the boxer, the club singer and the pedestrian, the vicinity of Crosby and Houston streets seems deserted. Harry Hill is thinking seriously of going in for a grand Shakespearean revival. This would be a mistake. Let him produce "Box and Cox."

A graceful act has been done by the management of the North Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia (Messrs. Zimmerman & Co.), in placing \$5000 in bank to the credit of Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert. A similar example of generosity is reported of Manager John T. Ford, of the Baltimore and Washington theatres. It was very John T. in him, but can he "Ford" it?

There is something remarkable in the histrionic vitality of Joseph Proctor. We remember to have seen him in 1846, at Jackson, Miss. He appeared as *Nick of the Woods*, and in similar roles. Even at that time, although a fine specimen of manhood—tall, square-shouldered and massive—his hair was tinged with gray. And yet last week we find him performing at the Bowery with all the old time spirit.

The performance of "T. P. S. Pinafore," Tony Pastor's burlesque on "H. M. S. Pinafore," is one of the best burlesques presented within recent years. It retains all the music of the original and the parody on the characters is of the most laughable nature. The prototype of *Sir Joseph Potter* is made up by Gus Williams to resemble very closely ex-Secretary of the Navy, Robeson, and the hits, both local and national, are very telling. It is replete with fun and humor, is well put on, the chorus is good, the solos excellent and it is well worth seeing.

And now another *prima donna* has been robbed of her diamonds. This time it is the famous "Hungarian nightingale," Mile. De Murska, the most brilliantly florid vocalist of our time. Mr. Van Gloisier, who seems to have occupied at the same time the positions of *l'ami du maison* and valet, was the accused party, but after he had been hauled before the magistrate the charge was withdrawn. The missing jewels were valued at \$2,000, and others, worth \$7,000 more, were left undisturbed. Can it be that we recognize the hand of the astute *De Vivo* in these proceedings, and is it all—but, no! Perish the thought.

Mr. John A. Mack is shortly to have produced at the Bowery Theatre a dramatization of his *New York Weekly* story, "The Saleslady." For the sake of the genial author

we hope that the house on the first night may be aptly described by his initials—a J.A.M. Mr. Mack adapted the famous success of "Baba," and it is told of him that when he heard of its recent production on the east side, he sang plaintively:

They have stolen it away.
Baba mine, Baba mine.
At the Bowery they play.
Baba mine, Baba mine.
It will help them pay their rent
But I'll never get a cent,
Baba mine, Baba mine, Baba mine.

Can it be that his play of "The Saleslady" is intended as a horrible revenge?

VICE'S VARIETIES.

ERWIN SULLIVAN, mail-carrier between Mayfield and Wadesboro, in Calloway county, Kentucky, was arrested at Mayfield on the 24th ult., for robbing the mails.

HENRY BERNSTEIN, treasurer of the Warrenton Street Israelite Congregation and an Israelite Lodge, left Boston, Mass., on the 28th of January for parts unknown, and it is alleged that from \$3,000 to \$4,000 of other people's money is to be accounted for by him, including \$700 of the funds of the above-named church.

THE trial of Myron A. Buel, of Cooperstown, N. Y., for the murder of Catharine A. Richards, at Plainfield, Otsego county, N. Y., on the 25th of June last, was ended on the 27th ult., resulting in a verdict of guilty. Buel, who has shown a singular stolidity throughout, came into court with a smile, and never flinched when the verdict was pronounced.

THE town of Polo, Ill., has a scandal of huge proportions which is about to be ventilated. It is alleged that an elder in one of the churches there has been intimate with a young lady member of the flock. The matter has been hushed up by the religious part of the community, but the world's people have got wind of it, employed counsel and will push the matter into court.

JOSEPH DIETMER, who a short time ago eloped from the town of Eaton, Wis., with a sixteen-year-old girl, leaving behind a wife and children, was arrested in Green Bay, Wis., on the 27th ult. He had returned and was endeavoring to get some money and property from his deserted wife. He was committed to jail in default of bail. It now transpires that he went to Chicago and the girl he took with him is still there.

LIZZIE EICHBAUM, aged seventeen, living in California, O., a small village nine miles from Cincinnati, gave birth on the 24th ult., to a child, and charges her father with being the father of her child. A mob gathered that night, and while on the way to capture Eichbaum, the father for the purpose of hanging him, were intercepted by the sheriff, who succeeded in detaining them until Eichbaum was placed in jail.

In the trial of Frank Bassett, at Bridgeport, Conn., during the past week, for the murder of Frank Weinbecker, alias "Stuttering Jack," for which crime his partner, Mrs. Alexander, was previously sentenced to life-imprisonment, both the latter, who was brought from jail for the purpose, and Bassett testified, each declaring the other to be the only guilty party, forcing the other to unwilling knowledge of the crime.

At Haverstraw, N. Y., on the 20th ult., while several members of an engine company were carousing in a saloon, William Kingsland, another member of the company, entered, whereupon Frank Kennedy, of the party, flourished a revolver and said he would shoot the first man who laughed. Kingsland laughed at the remark, when Kennedy fired, the shot taking effect in Kingsland's stomach. Kennedy surrendered himself to the authorities and was placed under \$2,500 bail to await the result of Kingsland's injuries.

CLAIBORNE SMITH, the third negro tried for the murder of John C. Lacy, in New Kent, Va., a few weeks since, has been convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen years. Two other negroes, Pat Smith and Julian Christian, have already been convicted and sentenced to be hung on March 25th. The fourth and last of the murderous gang will be tried at the next term of the circuit court. The two who are doomed to be hanged are confined in the Henrico county jail, in Richmond, Va.

At Battle Creek, Mich., on the 25th, a young colored man named William Buckner and Mrs. Ida Punnett, a white woman, were arrested on complaint of Under Sheriff Adams, charged with lascivious cohabitation. The woman is married to a man who has been living in Kansas for the past two years. She has one child by her husband and is about to be delivered of another in consequence of her association with the negro. The officers suspected cohabitation, and on the night previous visited the woman's house, where both were found in intimate relations, and conclusive evidence was obtained against them.

WHEN the Chicago train arrived at Lincoln, Ill., on the 26th ult., a woman accompanied by a little boy eleven years of age stepped off and went to the hotel. When the train reached Springfield, Conductor Kress noticed a paper box in the same seat which the woman had vacated at Lincoln, and on opening the box it was found to contain a baby apparently about two days old. Word was immediately sent to hold the woman until further orders. It is alleged by the conductor and several passengers that the woman kept the car window raised all the way from Normal, at which station she took the train, and was very much excited, apparently watching her opportunity to pitch the box out. She denied seeing the box; said she lived in Mount Pulaski; that she had been visiting in Normal about three months and was on her way home. She gave her name as Mrs. Mattie Stewart.

In the case of Demond, the defaulting treasurer of the Home Missionary Society, at Boston, Mass., the investigating committee reported that Demond had disposed of all the securities belonging to the society, aggregating \$86,000, absolutely without authority and in violation of law, and with some of the money he had purchased semi-valueless securities and presented them as the proper evidences of investment of the society. The committee promises to make every effort to save as much as possible from this tangled mass of incumbered property, in the hope of recovering a part of the \$19,000 which the society was required to hold as permanent funds, and also states that when the last annual official examination of his accounts was made Mr. Demond presented, as he admits, securities for the investments of the society which did not belong to it. He had, as he says, destroyed a large part of his correspondence, and has kept his books in such a way as to make it impossible to trace his transactions.

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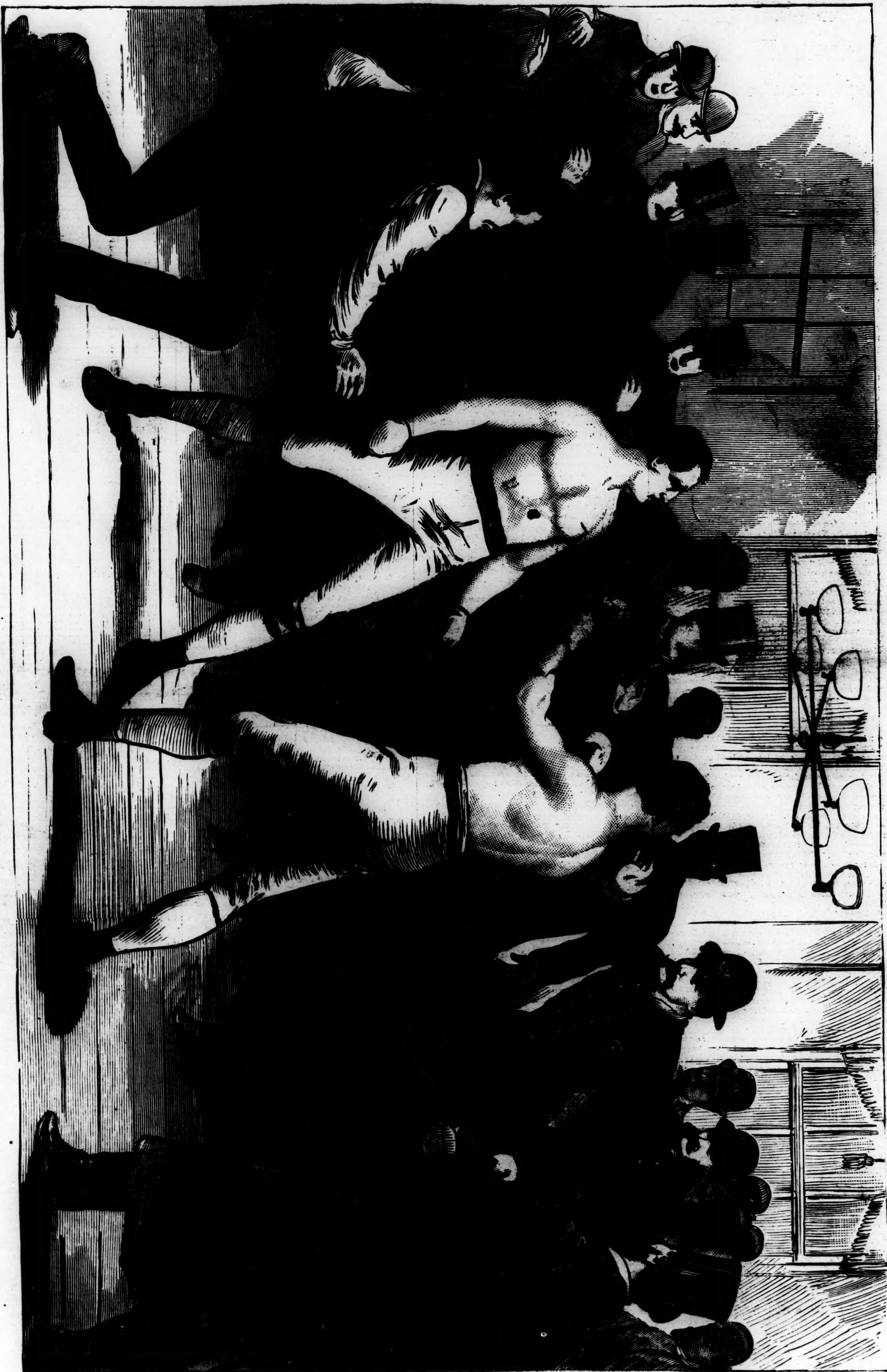
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